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THE
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The explanation of the poem entitled, "The First Edition of Breitmann," is as follows:—It was not long after the war that a friend of the writer's to whom "The Breitmann Ballads" had been sent in MSS., and who had frequently urged the former to have them published, resolved to secure, at least, a small private edition, though at his own expense. Unfortunately the printers quarreled about the MSS., and, as the writer understood, the entire concern broke up in a row in consequence. And, in fact, when we reflect on the amount of fierce attack and recrimination which this unpretending and peaceful little volume elicited after the appearance of the fifth English edition, the injury which it sustained from garbled and falsified editions, and an unauthorised Australian reprint, it would really seem as if this first edition, which "died a borning," had been typical of the stormy path to which the work was predestined.

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation—that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English

dialects—to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann. "Steinli von Slang" is simply a lay or a ballad amplified to a romance. The lines "To a Friend Studying German," may be, we believe, appropriately enough addressed to any lady or gentleman employed in mastering the mighty and mysterious head of the Teutonic branches. For the author having been assured that great numbers of this book were bought to present, in the way of a jest, to friends devoted to the study of German, it occurred to him that a poem devoted to this subject would not be unacceptable.

With the exception of a few verses in one poem all the ballads contained in this volume were written in Europe.

LONDON, *January* 20, 1870.

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem ca[illegible] haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo [illegible] cibi praesto sunt."

—*Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum V[illegible]*, F. Berggold, 1869. *Epistola* x[illegible]

'VAS near de state of Nas[illegible]
In de town of Tennes[illegible],
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.
Der Sheneral kept him glose in camp,
He vould'nt let dem go;
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack ben,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore;
Crate h—l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread
Can *dis* pe makin war?
Verdammt pe all der discipline!
Verdammt der Shenerál!
Vere I vonce on de road, his will,
Vere wurst mir und egál.

"Oh vhere ish all de plazin roofs
Dat claddened vonce mine eyes?
Und vhere de crand plantaschions
Vhere ve gaddered many a brize?
Und vhere de plasted shpids ve hung
A howlin loud mit fear?
Und vhere de rascal push-whackers
Ve shashed like vritened deer?

"De roofs are shtandin fast and firm
Mit repels blottin oonder;
De crand blantaschions lie round loose
For Morgan's men to ploonder!
De shpies go valkin out und in,
Ash sassy ash can pe;
Und in de voods de push-whackers
Are makin foon of me!

"Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
Mein sabre in mein hand,
Dey should drack me py de ruins
Of de houses troo de land.
Dey should drack me py de puzzards
High sailen ofer head,
A vollowin der Breitmann's trail
To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
Who had théories of Gott:
"O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on
De vays dat you hafe trot.
You only lifes to joy yourself,
Yet you, yourself moost say,
Dat self-defelopment requires
De réligiös Idée."

Dey sat dem down und argued id,
Like Deutschers vree from fear,
Till dey schmoke ten pfounds of knaster,
Und drinked drei fass of bier.
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
Boot Veit he had him denn;
For he dook him on de angles
Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,
Ish known in efery glime,
Und dat to grin und bear it
Vas healty und sooplime.
"For mine Sout German Catolicks,
Id vas pe goot, I know;
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,
If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

"Boot how vas id mit oders,
Who dinks philosophie?
I don't begreif de matter,"
Said Stossenheim: "Denn see.
De more dat shoorsh disgoostet you,
Und make despise und bain,
De crater merid ish to go,
Und de crater ish your gain."

"I know a liddle shoorsh mineself,
Oopon de Bole Jack road :
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
Ash into shoorsh dey goed).
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay :
Gott only knows vot dings you mighdt
Pick oop, oopon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id's toor—
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey, hid,
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows,
'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried: "Ò Coptain Breitmann, see,
Die finger Providence."
Der Breitmann doed his hat afay,
Says he, "Pe 't hit or miss,
I 'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

"Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
Ve 'll ride to shoorsh to-day,
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
Moost shteal von, rite afay.
Dere 's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
Mit horses on de loose,
You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
Look out und crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
Rode out py moonen shine,
De cotton fields in shimmerin light,
Lay white as elfenbein.
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
Und men who rode afay,
In de road a-velterin in his ploot,
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
"Vhile shtandin at my post,
De guerillas got first shot at me,"
Und so gafe oop de ghost.
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
Said: "Sah—dose grillers all
Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
A dancin at a ball."

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
Ash if his heart tid schvell:
"I 'll gife dem music at dat pall
Vill tantz dem indo hell."
Hei!—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride!
De plack man led de vay,
Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word
Boot galloped from de gloom,
Und, bang!—a hoonderd carpine shots
Dey fired indo de room.
Oop vent de groans of vounded men,
De fittlin died away:
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots
Troo vindow und troo door,
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
Another volley more.
"Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsh!"
Apout de orders ran.
"I kess I paid dem for dat shot,"
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
Shone gaily o'er de hill,
All violet plue de shky crew teep
In rifer, pond, und rill;
All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood;
All shnowy vite in mornin light
De shoorsh pefore dem shtood.

"Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
To drill mit solemn fear;
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
To pring de beoples here.
Und if it prings guerillas down,
Ve 'll gife dem, py de Lord,
De low-mass of de sabre, and
De high-mass of de cord.

"Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,
Du bist ein Musikant,
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
Und buster in discánt,
To dee de soul of musik
All innerly ish known,
Du canst mit might fullenden
De art of orgel-ton."

"Derefore, a Miserére
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
Und vake be-raiséd yearnin,
Also a holy feel :—
Fe referent, men—rememper
Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
Du Conrad—go along de aisles
Und schenk de whiskey aus!"

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
Beethoven und Méhul,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Sooplime and peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears roon down his fuss ;
Und he sopped out, "Gott verdammich—dis
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss!"*

* Is true art-enjoyment.

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,
He maket de rafters ring
Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
Like a nightly moanin sea :
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long agone
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifuller efer yet
Around de whiskey goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey
Might indo Himmel win :—
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
All plack ash night in golden lighdt
Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
Mit eye-palls glaring roun,
Who cried "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
De reps ish gomin down!"

Und while he yet was shpeakin,
A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin from de moundain
Of many a ridersmann.
Und vhile de waves of musik
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,
"Pile out of thar, you Feds!

"For we uns ar' a comin
For to guv to you uns fits,
And knock you into brimstun
And blast you all to bits"——
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,
Der vas order in de band,
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurgin flung,
Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks
Ash if de gods vere young.
So from all de doors and vindows,
Like shpiders down deir webs
De Dootch went at deir horses,
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
Vere in dat pattle rush,
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
Py efery fence and bush.
Ash panters vight mit crislies
In famished morder fits—
For de rebs vere mad ash boison
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
So quickly vas it o'er,
O, vhy moost I forefer
Pestain mine page mit gore?
Py liddle und py liddle
Dey drawed demselfs afay,
Oft toornin' round to vighten
Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
De scatterin gries more shlow,
Und furder troo de forest
Ve heared dem vainter grow.
Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"
Und denn der Breitmann said,
Ash he wiped his ploody sabre:
"Now, poys, count oop your dead!"

Oh small had been our shoutin
For shoy, if ve had known
Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,
Lay dyin all alone.
Vhile his oldt vhite horse mit droopin het
Look dumbly on him doun,
Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyest dou here
Vhile fightin's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
Slow dyin on de eart;
Of a schloss afar in Baden,
Of his mutter, und nople birt!
Of poverty and sorrow,
Vhich drofe him like de wind,
Und he sighed, "Ach weh for de lofed ones,
Who wait so far pehind!

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains!
Wohl auf—well ofer de sea!
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
Und sings a liddle hymn,
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

" But mordal life ends shortly
Und Heafen's life is long :—
Wo bist du Breitmann ?—glaub'es—*
Gott suffers noding wrong.
Now I die like a Christian soldier,
My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domini !"—
Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
Vhen Stossenheim vas found.
Efen from dose dere lyin
Fast dyin on de ground.
Boot time vas short for vaiten,
De shades vere gadderin dim :
Und I nefer shall forget it
De hour ve puried him.

* Where are thou Breitmann ?—Believe it.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
Vas all de funeral knell;
De ring of sporn und carpine
Vas all de sacrin bell.
Mit hoontin knife und sabre
Dey digged de grave a span
From German eyes blue gleamin
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
De plessed cross ve made,
Und put it vhere de soldier's head
Towards Germany vas laid.
Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs
De cross is goned afay:
Boot Gott will find der reiter
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
  Und dinkin of de dead,
Und dinkin of de organ,
  To Nashville, Breitmann led.
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
  Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin o'er de hearts friend,
  He 'd left im gruenen wald.*

De verses of dis boem
  In Heidelberg I write
De night is dark around me
  De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten in den Gassen †
  Make singen many a song;

* In the green wood.
† Students in the streets.

Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !
Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang ! *

* Oh Fatherland !—how art thou far.
Oh Time ! –how art thou long.

THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER APPEARED.

"Uns ist in alten Maeren
wunders viel geseit
Von Helden lobebaeren,
von grosser Arebeit.
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
von Weinen und Klagen,
Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,
möht Ihr nun Wunder hören sagen."

—*Der Nibelungen Lied.*

O oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glory,
Of heroes bluff und bold;

Of high oldt times a-kitin,
  Of howlin und of tears,
Of kissin and of vightin,
  All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,
  Since fifty years pegan,
An shild of decend elders,
  His name Hans Breitemann.
De gross adfentures dat he had,
  If you will only look,
Ish all bescribed so truly
  In dis fore-lying book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
  Vere goin troo his het,
De writer lay von Sonntay
  A-shleepin in his bett;

Vhen, lo ! a yellow bigeon
Coom to him in a dream,
De same dat Mr Barnum
Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shprach de bigeon :
" If you should brint de songs
Or oder dings of Breitmann
Vhich to dem on-belongs,
Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,
Die wile es möhte leben,*
Und be mis-geborn in pattle—
To dis fate ish it ergeben."

Und dus rebly de dreamer :
" If on de ice it shlip,
Denn led id dake ids shanses,
Rip Sam, und let 'er rip !

* During its life.

Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy:
Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,
Crates heroes ish de beoples
In Uncle Samuel's land.

"Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,*
O golden bigeon mine,
Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,
If id dakes me all dis line.
Full liddle ish de discount,
Oopon de Yankee peeps."
"Go to hell!" exglaim de bigeon;
Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina
A shentleman who dinked,
Dat te pallads of der Breitmann
Should papered pe und inked.

* Thou art a very puppy.

Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin
Before de writer know :
Dis make to many a brinter,
Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston,
A druckerei he found,
Where dey cut de copy into *takes*
Und sorted it around.
Und all vas goot peginnen,
For no man heeded mooch,
Dat half de jours vas Mericans
Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
Had vorn de Federal plue,
Vhile de anti-half in Davis grey
Had peen Confeterates true.

Great Himmel! vot a shindy
Vas shdarted in de crowd,
Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann,
His Barty all aloud!

Und von goot-nadured Yankee,
He schwear id vos a shame,
To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
Und make of dem a game.
Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,
Und he schwear dis treat of Hans,
Vos shoost so goot a barty
Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vas so looscious
In all dis eartly shpear,
Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,
Mit a plate of Lager-bier.

Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,
For he der Fritz hafe peen,
In many soosh a barty
Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,
Mit all his passion ripe;
Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin shtick,
Vheremit he vas fixin type.
It hit him on de occiput,
Und laid him on de floor;
For many a long day afder
I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
Who vas quick to act und dink;
He held in hand a roller
Vheremit he vas rollin ink.

Und he dake his broof py shtrikin
. Der Merican top of his het,
Und make soosh a vine impression,
Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
Und drople in de wigwam
Enough to trife dem plind.
Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man
Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew,
Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms
If de Breitmann's book war'nt true.

For de Sout' vas ploundered derriple,
Und in dat darksome hour
He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
Of all de land de vlower.

Bright gold doublones a hoondered
For her he'd gladly bay
Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yorker
Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee:*
(De only dings *he* lossed in de war
Was a sense of broperty).
Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped
Some oder shap hafe get,
Und de yallow pine liked him petter ash you,
On dat it is safe to bet!"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave
He tidn't so moosh as yell,
Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,
Und mit von lick bust his shell.

Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker
Und mit looks of dremeptous gloom,
Rooshed vildly in de pattle
Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—
Anoder quarrel vas grow
'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner;
Und de row ish gekommen so:
De Yankee say dat de H-*u*-mor
Of Breitmann vas less dan small,
Dough he maket de beoples laughen,
Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say by Donner!
Dat soosh a baradox
Vould leafe no hope for writers
In all Pandora's bænder box.

'Twas like de sayin dat Heine
Hafe no wits in him goot or bad,
Boot he only *kept sayin* witty dings
To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed
Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon
In de Breitmann lieds when you lead dem
Into Englisch correctly done :—
Den a Proof Sheet veller respondered,
For he dink de dings vas hard,
"Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward."

"Und say it vas shames de beoples
Vas laugh demselfs most tead
At de boor young veller lecturin,
Vhen he tidn't know vot he said."

Hereauf de Yankee answered
" Gaul dern it:—Shtop your fuss!"
And all de crowd togeder
Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
Soosh an awfool smock on de face
Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
'Mit a sense of his tisgrace,
Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
On dop of de oder's hair:
It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn
Mine Gotts!—Vot a sighdt vas dere!

Denn ofer all de shapel
Vierce war vas ragin loose;
Fool many a vighten brinter
Got well ge-gooked his goose.

Fool many a nose mit fisten,
I ween was padly scrouged;
Fool many an eye pright gleamin
Vas ploody out-gegouged.

*Dô wârt ûfgehouwen,**
Dere vas hewin off of pones;
*Dô hôrte man darinne**
Man heardt soosh treadful croans.
*Jach waren dâ die Geste,**
De row vas rough and tough,
*Genuoge sluogen wunden—**
Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters
From Himmel look down oopon,
Und allowed dat in a *chapel*
Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.

* Lines from Gudrun.

Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg;
Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,
Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
Who lay upon the vloor,
Dere vas'Soudern rebs destructed,
Who vouldt nefer Jeff no more.
Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,
Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick
Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
Foorst vere crooshed in ploot and shdorm,
Fool many a day moost bass afay
Pefore dey dook dis form.

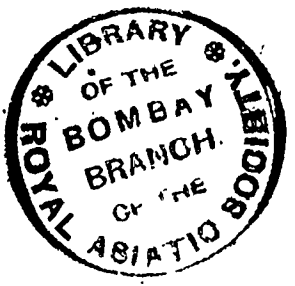
De copy flootered o'er de preasts
Of heroes lyin todt,
Dis vas de dire peginnin—
Das war des Breitmann's Noth.

Dis song in Philadelphia
Long dimes ago pegun,
In Paris vas gondinued, und
In Dresden ist full-done.
If any toubt apout de *facts*,
In nople minds ish grew,
Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories
Is gebrindt in many a lant,
Sogar in far Australia
Dey 're gestohlen und bekannt :—

"Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt
Steh auss was dir kompt zu!
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich
Nur dass man mir nichts thu!

Go forth my book through all the world,
Bear what thy fate may be!
They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
So they do no harm to me!



I GILI ROMANESKRO.

A GIPSY BALLAD.

WHEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go bummin aroundt goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says: "goin from town to town;" seein beobles in gemixed sociedy, und learnin dose languages vitch ornamendt a drue moskopolite, or von whose het ish bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluendly Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch, Gauner-

sprache und Shipsy; und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it, —von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann-his absents, to ged dese Shipsy verses broperly gorrected; as de only shentleman in town who vas culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin some hens; und pefore I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Denn I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened pooplic, who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful longuashe, vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und shpordin circles.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

Schunava, ke baschko dela godla,
Schunava Paschomàskro.
Te del miro Dewel tumen
Dschavena baçhtallo.

Schunava opré to ruka
Chirikló ke gillela :
Kamovéla but dives,
Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste
Schunava prọ gilaviben,
M'akana me avava,
Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

So korava kuribente,
  So korava apre dróm;
Me kanáv miri romni,
  So kamela la lákero rom.

DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin!
  I hear de musikant!
Gott gife dee a happy shourney
  Vhen you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pränches
  A pird mit merry shdrain,
Goot many tays moost fanish
  Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
I 'll hear dat song from dee ;
Boot now I goes ash soldier
To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,
Und vot on de road I shdeal,
I 'll pring all to my true lofe
Who lofes her loafer so well.

STEINLI VON SLANG.

I.

ER watchman look out from his tower
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him:
Und he schvear: "May I lose my next bitter
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang!
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

"De vorldt nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath:
You may call me a recular Dutchman,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,
More ash sefen feet high on a string,
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair;
She look like an angel got lost in
A forest of autumn-prown hair.
Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried:
"I wish I may bust mit a bang!
If id isn't a shame she ain't married
To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang!"

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
Vhile his vace ish ash pale ash de tead;
Und she vhispers oonto him a rédè
Ash mit arrow point accents, she said:
"You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,
You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion aint in me,
De Lady Plectruda von Sling."

"Boot brafehood teserfes a reward, sir;
Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.
Sankt Werolf! medinks id ish hard, sir,
I should allaweil lead you dis dance.
Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,
Dese murmurin accents she flang,
Vhile singin, a stingin her lofer,
Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

"Boot if von ding you do, I 'll knock under,
Our droples moost enden damit.
Und if you pull troo it,—by donder!
I 'll own myself euchred, und bit.
I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody!
Py mine honor—und avery ding!
You may hafe me—soul, puttons, und pody,
Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling."

"Und dis ish de test of your power:—
Vhile ve shtand ourselfs round in a row,
You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,
Down shdairs to de valley pelow.
Id ish rough and ash shteep ash my virtue:
(Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang:)
"Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you
Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang."

An moormoor arosed mong de beoples:
In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,
Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples
Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
Dey schveared dey vouldt *pass* on de ding,
Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé
For a hoondred like Fraulein von Sling.

II.

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,
Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin
Herr Steinle coomed out for a walk.
Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,
He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang;
Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin:
De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,
He see, shoost ahead in his vay,
In sinkular manner a streakin,
A strange liddle bein, in cray,
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,
Cried, "Say, can you change me a thaler,
Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,
(De peggars all knowed him at sight),
So he forked out each groschen und heller,
Dill he fix de finances aright.
Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,
(Der Ritter), astonished cried "Dang!"
For id vasn't *von* thaler boot *tventy*,
He 'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater! soopose soosh a vlight in
De vingers of *me*, or of *you*,
How we'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin
Dill no von vos left to pursue!
Good Lort! how *we'd* froze to de ready!
Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding;
For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
Dis lofer of Fräulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
To dis part of mine dale, shdill id 's drue,
He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,
Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
Und loudly he after him hollers,
Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang:
"You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
Hold hard!" cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
  Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,
Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
  " Vot manner of mordal art dou ?
I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
  Und nefer yed met soosh a ding !
Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and
  Peloved by Lady von Sling ! "

" Und she vant you to roll from de tower
  Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot."
(Here de knight whom amazement oerbower,
  Cried " Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott ! ")
Boot de oldt veller saidt : " I 'll arrange it,
  Let your droples und sorrows co hang !
Und no dings vill coom to derange it,
  Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin,
Dat to-morrow by ten, dǫ you hear?
You 'll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin;
I 'll also be dere—nefer fear!
Und I dinks we shall make your young voman
A new kind of meloty sing;
Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
Gott-tamnaple Fräulein von Sling."

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
Vhite moths und vhite dofes shimmered round,
All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
Mit perfume und vision und sound.
De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
In a harp-like, melotious twang;
Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III.

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assempled
Mid panners und lances und dust,
Boot de heart of de Paroness trempled,
Und ofden her folly she cussed.
For she found dat der Ritter vould *do it*,
Und "die or get into de Ring,"
Und denn she 'd pe cerdain to rue it,
Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,
He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,
Und Wolfram von Esehenbach too.
Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,
How herzlich his braises dey sang;
"Now dey 'll knock my goot name indo flinders,
For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh! der goot knight had a Schauer,
Und felt most ongommonly queer,
Vhen he find on de top of de dower
De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
Denn he find he no more could go valkin,
Und shtood, shoost an potrified ding,
Vhile de goblum vent round apout talkin,
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see indo de problum,
Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vim;*
His soul had gone indo de goblum,
Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang;
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt! how he dalked! Oonder heafens
Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,
Und gifin-Plectruda, Dutch fits.
Mein Gott! how he poonished und chaffed her
Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding;
Vhile de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
De lady grew ratful und red,
She felt some Satanical jailer
Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin.
Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,
To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling
Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,
Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.
Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
His laughs made it all apout ring;
Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy
Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und vhen he cot down to de pottom,
He laugh so to freezen your plood;
Und schwear dat de boomps ash he cot em
Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
Boot, oh! how dey shook at his power,
Vhen he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,
To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang!

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,
Der Steine was coom to himself;
Und de sprite, vitch in double sènse paltered,
From dat moment acain vas an elf.
Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person
Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on
De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun—endlich—Plectruda repented,
Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy;
In dime to pe married consented,
Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy,
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang
Mit de inscript—"Dis dime dont refuse em"—
So endet de tale of Von Slang.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Si liceret te amare
Ad Suevorum magnum mare,
Sponsam te perducerem.
—*Tristicia Amorosa.* Frau Aventiure,
von J. V. Scheffel.

ILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache ?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
Vitch id 's shoost ash vell to know ;
Boot ach ! de verbs or time-words—
Dey 'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Denn you alvatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Dou moost eat apout a peck
A week, of stinging sauerkraut,
Und sefen pfoundts of speck.
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum:
Dis ish de only cerdain vay
To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Brepare dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses
Intwisted—ohne zahl—
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,*
For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Du must mitout an fear
Trink afery tay an gallon dry,
Of foamin Sherman bier.
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
More Deutsch you 'll surely pe;
For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
Of de whole of Germany.

* Then only you will be ready in German.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Be sholly, brav, und treu,
For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
Who ish not a sholly poy.
Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,*
A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart.
From Schwabenland or-Sachsen
Vhere now dis writer pees;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

* In Music and Song all thy life long.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty
  Denn on de oder hand, o .
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
  In de vine green Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
  (Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
O, denn you 'll find de Dutch vill come
  Ash fast ash you tesire.

LOVE SONG.

VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-field,
I'd bet my only pence,
It vould'nt pe no dime at all
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hcort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises vhen she sings,
De sonnshine vhen she dalk;
De angels crow und flop deir vings
Vhen she goes out to valk.

So livin white, so carnadine,
Mine lofe's gomblexion show;
It 's shoost like Abendcarmosine,
Rich gleamin on de shnow.
Her soul makes plushes in her sheek
Ash sommer reds de wein,
Or sonnlight sends a fire life troo
An blank Karfunkelstein.

De überschwengliche idées
Dis lofe poo$ in my mind,
Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
Of any human kind.
'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet
An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual;
Und treat mitwhiles to Kümmel Schnapps
De Schœnheitsidéal.

GLOSSARY.

The reader would do well to consult the Glossaries of the three former collections.

Abendgold, (Ger.)—Evening gold.
Abendsonnenschein, (Ger.)—Evening sunshine.
Ach weh, (Ger.)—Oh, woe.
Allatag, (Ger. dial.)—Every day.
Allaweil, (Ger. dial.)—Always; also whilst.
Anamile, (Amer.)—Animal.
Antworded, (Ger.)—Answered.
Baender-box—Band-box.
Be-ghostet, (Ger. *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
Begreifen, (Ger.)—Understand.
Beheaded, *Behauptet*, (Ger.)—Asserted.
Bemoost, (Ger.)—Mossgrown, in student's language, *ein bemoostе Haupt*, an old student.
Be-raised—Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger. *erhoben*.
Blitz, (Ger.)—Lightning.
Bole Jack road—Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
Bountiee (Amer.)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers. To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.

"This is the song of Billy Jones,
Who jumped the boun-ti-ee."
—*American Ballad of* 1846.

Brav, (Ger.)—Good.
Brummed, (Ger. *Brummen*.)—To growl.
Bumming—From Bummer.
Bushwhackers—Guerillas.

Bust his shell—Broke his head.
Carmosine, (Ger.)—Crimson. French, *cramoisi*
Carnadine—Incarnadine.
Coster—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.
Crislies—Grisly, (bear.)
Damit, (Ger.)—Therewith.
Deutschland—Germany.
Die wile es möhte leben—During all its life.

Daz wolde er immer dienen
Die wile es möhte leben.
Kutrun. XV. Aventiure, 756th verse.

Dooks—Ducks.
Druckerei—Printing-office.
Earnsthaft, *ernsthaft*—Serious.
Elders, (Ger. *Eltern*)—Parents.
Elfenbein, (Ger.)—Ivory.
Ergeben, (Ger.)—Resigned.
Error-dom, *Irrthum*—Error.
Euchred—From Euchre, a western game of cards.
Fass (Ger.)—Barrel.
Fore-by—Literal translation of the German *Vorbei*.
Fore-lying—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.
Frau, (Ger.)—Woman.
Froze to de ready—Held fast to the money.
Fullenden—Vollenden.
Fuss, (Ger.)—Foot.
Fust—The partner of Gutemberg, the inventor of the art of printing.
Gast, (Ger.)—Guest.
Gauer—Vallies.
Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.
Gauner-sprache, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
Geh hin mein Puch, (German of 16th century.)
Gekommen so, (Ger.)—Come thus.
Gemüthlichkeit, (Ger.)—Kindly disposition, good nature.
Gestohlen und bekannt, (Ger.)—Stolen, and known.
Glamour—Ocular deception by magic.
Goblum—For goblin.
Gotteshaus, (Ger.)—House of God.
Grillers—Guerillas.
Guve—Southern slang for give. *Guv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.
Gutemberg—The inventor of the art of printing.
Heavy—Hood.
Heine, *Heinrich*—German poet.
Heini von Steier—Heinrich von Ofterdingen.

Hereauf, hierauf—Thereupon.
Her-re-liche, herrliche—Superb, grand, noble.
Herzlich, (Ger.)—Hearty.
Himmel, (Ger.)—Heaven.
Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Hörrgott—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.
Himmlisch' hoellisch' qual, (Ger.)—Heavenly-hellish pain.
Hoof-irons, (*Huf-eisen* in Ger.)—Horse-shoe.
Hunk, (Amer.)—Stout, solid, profitable. "To be all hunk" means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.
I Gili romaneskro—This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. *Eh!* in third line of second verse, is the German word *ehe*, "ere," or before. *Kuribente* ("in war,") is in the Slavonic and gipsy *local* case, or as Pott calls it (*Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*) the Second Dative.
In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang, (Ger.)—In music and song all thy life long.
Jeff—A game played by throwing up types, generally for "refreshments."
Kalt, (Ger.)—Cold.
Karfunkelstein, (Ger.)—Carbuncle.
Kauder-Waelsch, (Ger.)—Gibberish.
Kitin, a kitin—Flying or running rapidly.
Kanaster, (Ger.)—Canaster tobacco.
Kümmel, (Ger.)—Cumin brandy.
Lavergne—A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.
Lieder, Lieds, (Ger.)—Songs.
Like spiders down their webs—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.
Loafer, (Amer.)—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover*, is a close translation of *rom*, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.
Loudet, (*Lauten* in Ger.)—To make sound.
Lumpenglocke—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close.
Mit hoontin knife, &c.:—

> "With her white hands so lovely,
> She dug the Count his grave.
> From her dark eyes sad weeping,
> The holy water she gave."
>
> *Old German Ballad.*

Mohr, ein schwärzer, (Ger.)—A blackamoor.
Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.

Moskopolite, (Amer.)—Cosmopolite. Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.
Mutter, (Ger.)—Mother.
Noth, (Ger.)—Need, dire extremity. Das war des Breitmann's Noth. That was Breitmann's sore trial. Imitated from the last line of *The Nibelungen Lied.*
Nun endlich, (Ger.)—Now at last.
O'Brady—An Irish giant commemorated in an old popular song.
Odenwald—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany.
On-belongs—Literal translation of *Zugehört.*
Oop-sproong—For *aufsprung.*
Orgel-ton, (Ger.)—Organ sound.
Out-sprach—Outspoke.
Peeps—People. "Hard on the American peeps"—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing.
Pestain—Stain, with the augment.
Pfaelzer—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.
Pie the forms—Break and scatter the forms of types—the greatest disaster conceivable to a true typo.
Pig-sticker—Bowie-knife.
Pile out, (Amer.)—Hurry out.
Plug-muss—Fight for a fire-plug. American fireman's language.
Poonkin—Pumpkin.
Red cock—Or make de red cock crow. Einem den rothen Hahn auf's Dach setzen. A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.
Rede, (Ger.)—Speech.
Red-Waelsch, Roth-Waelsch, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
Reiter, (Ger.)—Rider.
Ridersmann, (*Reitersmann* in Ger.)—Rider.
Ritter, (Ger.)—Knight.
Sachsen—Saxonia, Saxony.
Sacrin—Consecrating.
Sauerkraut, (Ger.)—Pickled cabbage.
Scatterin, Scotterin—Scattering.
Schauer, (Ger.)—Awe.
Schenk aus, (Ger.)—Pour out.
Schimmel, (Ger.)—Grey horse.
Schloss, (Ger.)—Castle.
Schönheitsidéal, (Ger.)—The ideal of beauty.
Schopenhauer—A celebrated German "philosophical physiologist.
Schwaben—Suabia.
Schwan, (Ger.)—Swan.
Scrouged, (Amer.)—Pressed, jammed.
Seelen—Ideal. Soul's ideal.
Shapel—Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.
Shipsy—Gipsy.
Shlide—Slide. "Let it slide," vulgar for "let it go."

Shooting-stick—A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.
Sonntag, (Ger.)—Sunday.
Speck, (Ger.)—Bacon.
Spiel, (Ger.)—Play.
Sporn, (Ger.)—Spur.
Stim, (Ger. *Stimme*)—Voice.
Sturm und Drang, (Ger.)—Literally Storm and violence. *Sturm und Drangperiode*, signifying a particular period of German literature.
Sweynheim and Pannartz—The first printers at Rome.
Takes—Allotments of copy to each printer.
Thrip, (Southern Amer.)—Threepence.
Todt, (Ger.)—Dead.
Treppe—Stairs.
Treu, (Ger.)—Faithful, true.
Ueberschwengliche, (Ger.)—Transcendental, elevated.
Verdammt, (Ger.)—D—d.
Wachsen, (Ger.)—To grow.

"Komm' ich in's galante Sachsen
Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen."
—*Old German Song.*

Wald, (Ger.)—Wood.
We'uns, you'ns—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.

"'Tis sad that we'uns from you'ns parts
When you'ns hev stolen we'uns' hearts."

Wild und Weh, (Ger.)—Wild and woebegone.
Wo bist du? (Ger.)—Where art?
Woe-moaedy, (Ger. *Wehmüthig*)—Moanful, doleful.
Wohlauf, (Ger.)—Well, come on, cheer up.
Wurst—A German student word for indifference.
Yartausend, Jahrtausend—A thousand years.
Yellow pine—Mulatto.

"I lost a maiden in that hour."—*Byron.*

Yungling, Jüngling, (Ger.)—Youth.

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AS A

Politician.

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1869.

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IN offering this Third Series of Mr Leland's Ballads, we beg to state that only the first part of "Hans Breitmann as a Politician" has hitherto been published; so that the second and third parts, given in this collection, appear in print for the first time.

A Fourth Series of poems, not before published, will shortly appear, completing the cycle of Breitmann Ballads, and will have the advantage of Mr Leland's personal editorship.

PREFACE.

THE Editor is enabled to make another addition, sooner than he had expected, to the cycle of the "Breitmann Ballads," the one now presented being in the form of an elaborate, continuous poem in three cantos.

In *Breitmann in Politics*, we have some perfectly charming touches. We are here on Biglow ground; and, for happy hits and straight home-thrusts, we do not hesitate to put the poem in comparison with the best of Mr Lowell's "Birdo-

fredom" ballads. Not with the intention of taking the latter from his pride of place: he led the way; let him be the acknowledged first: but with the purpose of declaring that in this *Breitmann in Politics* are the qualities of real fun, of genuine humour, employed against the rascalities of some—if not many—United States politicians, which gained for *The Biglow Papers* their well-deserved reputation of the best humorous political poems that the English-speaking world has yet seen.

Mr Leland has, of course, in Breitmann a second element of fun-producing material—the German of the United States—which Mr Lowell, dealing only with Yankees, had not; and well he uses it. Breitmann's Germans convince themselves that, as their hero can no longer plunder the rebels, he ought to plunder the nation, resolve

on getting him elected to Congress. They accordingly form a committee, and formulate for their candidate six moral ideas as his platform. These they show to their Yankee helper, Hiram Twine, who, having changed his politics fifteen times, and managed several elections, knows how matters should be managed. He says the moral ideas are very fine, but not worth a dern; and instead of them proclaims the true cry that Breitmann's *sound upon the goose*, about which he tells a capital story. Then Schmit, Breitmann's opponent, comes into the field, and tells the electors that the German can't win, and that, as he 's a soldier, he 's been sent there to lead the forlorn hope and get licked. In answer to this, Twine starts the report that Schmit has *sold the fight* to Breitmann, a notion which the Americans take to at once—

"For dey mostly dinked id de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall,
For to sheat von's own gonstituents is de pest mofe in de came,
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same."

Accordingly, Breitmann calls a meeting of Schmit's supporters, tells them that he hopes to get a good place for his frlend Schmit, though he can't approve of Schmit's teetotal principles, because he, Breitmann, is a republican, and the meaning of that word is plain:—". . . If any enlightened man vill seeken in his Bibel, he 'll find dat a publican is a barty ash sells *läger;* und de ding is very blain, dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain." Moreover, Schmit believes in God, and goes to church,—what liberal German *can* stand this?—while Breitmann, being a publican, must be a sinner. As to parties,

the *principles* of both are the same—plunder—and "any man who gifes me his fote,—votefer his boledics pe,—shall alfays pe regardet ash bolidigal friendt py me." This brings the house down. And when Breitmann announces that he sells the best beer in the city, and stands drinks gratis to his "bolidigal friendts," and orders in twelve barrels of lager for the meeting, he is unanimously voted "a brickbat, and no sardine."

After this brilliant success, the author is obliged to pause, in order to proclaim the intellectual superiority of Germans to the whole world. He gets tremendously fogged in the process, but that is no matter:—

"Ash der Hegel say of his system, 'Dat only von mans knew
Vot der tyfel id meant; and he couldn't tell,' und der Jean Paul Richter, too,

Who saidt, 'Gott knows, I meant somedings vhen foorst
dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wiss vot dis buch means now, for I hafe
forgotten it!'"

Well, taking the point as proved, our German still allows that the Yankees have some sharp-pointed sense; and he winds up his ballad with narrating how the cute Hiram Twine turned a village of Schmit-voters into the Breitmann camp. The village is German and Democrat. Schmit has forgotten his meeting, and Twine, who is very like Schmit, and rides into the village to watch the meeting, is taken by the Germans for Schmit. On this, Twine resolves to personate Schmit, and give his supporters a dose of him. Accordingly, on being asked to drink, he tells the Germans that none but hogs would drink their stinking

beer, and that German wine was only made for German swine. Then he goes to the meeting, and, having wounded their feelings in the tenderest point,—the love of beer,—digs into the next tenderest,—their love for their language,—by declaring that he'll vote for preventing the speaking of it all through the States; and winds up by exhorting them to stop guzzling beer and smoking pipes, and set to work to un-Germanise themselves as soon as possible. On this "dere coomed a shindy;"—shoot him with a bowie-knife; tar and feather him, &c. A revolver-ball cuts the chandelier-cord; all is dark; and amidst the row, Twine escapes and gallops off, with some pistol-balls after him. But the village goes in for Breitmann, and he licks der Schmit.

Election-blackguardism takes a different form in England. Would that she had a Lowell

and a Leland to show it up. More power to their elbows, and more ballads from their pens! say we; for there's method in their madness and purpose in their fun: we respect the one, and enjoy most heartily the other.

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BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

I.

I.—THE NOMINATION.

HEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-wice vings
Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery dings;
Und heroes vere revardtet, de beople all pegan
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or where der fore shlog came,
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin' shame:
"Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—potz-blitz! can dis dings be!—
Und Breitmann he hafe nodings: vot sights is dis to see!

"Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann! ish *dis* do pe de gry
On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high und dry?
By meine Seel' I shvears id, und vot's more I deglares id's drue,
He vonce gleaned oudt a down on half an our, und shtripped id stumpf und shoe.

"He was shoost like Kœnig Etzel, of whom de shdory dell,
Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinin' hell;
Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere Etzel's horse had trot,
Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go de hops shpring oop, bei Gott!"

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds arount,
Und vhen dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was rings aroom be-foundt;
Dough *vhy* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no means glear,
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all abbear!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent nicht blainly see

Vhy a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus revartedt pe:

Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in ä stohr,

Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense ve couldn't no means shtand,

From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople captain grand:

Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman deplores;

So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*, und shmysed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed, dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a nomination
To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings off de nation;
Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe great hobes,
Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und derefore knew de robes.

2.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas protocollirt,
By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce studiret;

Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid say
Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first Morál Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve rings,
Vas dat government for every man moost alfays do efery dings;
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbecially ve gall,
Ish to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays keeb in fiew,
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likevise de Goot und Drue;

Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to present,
He most get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's gostin' a cent.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on eart',
Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife gebirt'—
Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oss all pooplic tocuments
Vich he can grap or shteal vill sendt—franked—mit his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery vell ish known
Dat mind ish de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott has shown,

Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in
Fichte dot' abbear—
He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lager-
bier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to
Misder Twine,
De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine :
Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—a
tarnall tall concern ;
Boot dey hafe some liddle trawpacks, und in fagdt
weren't worth a dern.

Boot yet, mid our bermission, if de shentlemans
allow—
Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir
hats und pow—

He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some no-
dions of his own,
Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as
vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as sure
as born,
Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle
endt der horn,
Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders—dis maket
oos laugh, py shink!
So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota bene*—
after a trink!

3.—MR TWINE EXPLAINS BEING "SŌUND UPON THE GOOSE."

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann sot he :
He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hishdorie ;
Und pefore him, on de tische, was—vhere man alfays foundt it—
Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Bœmisch glass aroụnd it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitman spoke he maked no sbeech or sign !
De nexd remark vas, *Zapfet aus !*"—de dird vas, "*Schenket ein !*"

Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgraefler wein—dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Misder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to denounce
Dat as Copdain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an ounce,
He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more eckshblain:
Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt, CHAMPAGNE!

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mit-whiles vent on do say,
Dat long instruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of tay;

Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any use
Vas shoost to dell to efery mans he's *soundt oopon der coose.*"

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos bekannt,
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oondershtand,
And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace pefore de wars:
Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass aroundt cigars.

"Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennsylfanian's Shtate,
All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce depate,

'Tween vamilies mit gooses, und dose vhere
none vere foundt—
If gooses might, by common law, go squanderin'
aroundt?

"Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit gooses, und
vere poor,
All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und
cerdain sure;
But de goose-holders teklare a goose greadt
liberdy tid need,
And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt
oon-Christian teed.

"Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,
Of arisdograts who kepd no goose, pecause,
'twas nod shendeel:

Tey tid not vish de splodderin' geese shouldt on deir pafemends bass,
So dey shoined de anti-goosers, or de oonder lower glass!"

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out: "Dis shdory goes to show
Dat in poledicks, ash lager *virtus in medio.*
De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floads high inteed;
Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Sharman lied.

"Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und drecks, ve see,
Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sympathie."

"Dis is very vine," says Misder Twine, "vot here you indrotuce:
Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de coose.

"A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run,
Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat' de sun;
For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes ago,
Und Horrisburg need sahn' mighty pad, ash all do know.

"Acainsd dis mighdy Goose-man anoder veller rose,
Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders came to plows;

Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his friendts
wouldt vink so loose,
Und visper ash dey dapped deir nose: '*He's soundt oopon de coose!*

"'He's O. K. oopon de soobject: shoost pet your
pile on dat:
On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot
it fat.'
So de veller cot elegded pefore de 'beople
foundt
On *vitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so
awful soundt.

"Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell," says Misder
Hiram Twine;
"Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight
id on dis line."

De volk who of dese boledics would oder
shapders read,
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here
Breitmann's Lied.

II

4. HOW BREITMANN AND SCHMIT WERE REPORTED TO BE LOG-ROLLING.

D hoppenet in de yar of crace, vhen all dese dings pegan,
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd der Breitemann,
Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so moosh dat beoples say
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—Gott weiss in vot a vey!

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—vitch look
shoost like a bruder—
Dat vhen Twine vas work on any side der Schmit
vas on the oder:
A fery gommon dodge ish dis mit de arisdo-
cracie;
So dat votefer cardt dooms opp, id's game for de
familie!

Nun, goot! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas cerdain
on dis hit
Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder
Schmit;
Und Schmit, I criefe to say, exglaimed: "Gaul darn
me for a fool,
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and rake
the eternal pool!"

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash-brifate ash could pe,
Vitch Breitmann writed long agone to friendts in Germany;
Und dey brinted dem in efery vay to make de beoples laugh,
Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat "sports" call "slasher-gaff."

Dere-to—as vash known py shoodshment und glearly ascertained,
Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und schwindlin' friendt—
So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbeech to make pegan,
Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder man.

Boot de ding that jam de hardest on de men dat
bull de vires,
Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood pe-
dween dwo heafy vires,
Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—von could see id at
a clanse—
Dey had pud him in a tisdrig't vhere he hadn't halt
a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten ish more prafe ash oder
mans,
Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in de
vans;
Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honer
shtrict,
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're cerdain
to be licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de dird or secondt heat,
Dat a soldier in his tisdrigt had been poot oop und beat;
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to vork:
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward mit a yerk.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret on dis de ding seemed doubtenful,
Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de bull,
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe pecan,
Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight* unto der Breitemann!

He fix de liddle tedails—how moosh der Schmit
hafe got
For sellin' out his barty to let Breitmann haul de
pot;
Und he showed a brifate ledder from Breitemann to
Schmit,
Vhere he bromise him for Congress if he shoost let
oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder; for der Copitain
Breitemann
Vould nefer hafe shtood hoompoogks since virst his
life pegan:
He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de
ploonder-und-morder line,
Boot vas hoockleperry-persimmoned mit dese bole-
dics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate—mit de Merigans pest of all,
For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall;
For too sheat von's own gonstituents in de pest mofe in de came,
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same.

5.—HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING.

Dere's nodings in dis vorldt so pad, ash all oov us may learn,
Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock should dake a doorn;

So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin
und Schmit,
Gontrifed ad shoost dis yooncture do make a glucky
hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche
burgers all,
(N. B.—Dish ish not mean *plackarts*, boot de pills
dey shtick on de vall),
To say dat a Massenversammlung—or a meeding
of all de masses—
Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd of
de Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brinting of de pills to a new
gekommene man,
Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash
Repooblican:

Gott Himmel weiss vhere he'd hid himself on dish
free Coloompian shore
Dat he scaped de naturalizationisds, und hadn't
found out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tifference he
Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid see,
Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer; so he dook
shoost vot seem pat
To make de poster handsome—likewise a liddle
fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs grows
oop to vings!
How often shoost from moostard seet a virst-glass
pusiness shprings!

Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de Hollanders
hafe said:
Mit dese dwo ledders Breitmann caved in der
Schmitsy's head.

6.—BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so mooch
put apout,
Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt;
'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy
change deir lodge,
Und, peing awfool smart demselfs, pelieve in efery
dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempled, und dey found
no Schmit vas dere,
Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* erstaunished air;

But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a vink'dere ran,
Vhen pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain Breitemann!

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem: "He could nichts vell exbress
De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—de wonne-vol hoppiness—
To meed in friendtlich council and glasp de hand of dose,
Who had peen mit most oonreason und unkindtly galled his foes.

"Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin' eart'—he vould say it dere und denn—
Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh imbardial men,

So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,
Ash to gome und lisden vairly to a voe in pole-dicks;

"Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—for he feeled id in his soul
Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem vere de same oopon de whole;
But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners opportunes—"
Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly, "Shpoons!"

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him: "If shpoons our modifes pe,
Dere's nod a man pefore oos who lossed a shpoon by me:

Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten mit,
Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishder Schmit."

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raise der tyfel's dust,
Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplauded on a bust;
Und de blokes dat dinked of hedgin' saw a ring as round as O;
So de boked each oder in de rips und said, "I dold you so!"

For dis d'lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city milk,
Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen silk,

Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin' locks, und de
locks vere ready cut;
Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy
dake de butt!

Denn Breitmann he crack onward: "If any 'light-
ened man
Vill seeken in his Bibel, he 'll find dat a publican
Is a barty ash sells lager; und de ding is fery blain,
Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und
'gain.

"Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreën mit
De demprance brinciples
I hear dishtriputet to Schmit;
Boot dis I dells you vairly, und no one to teseife—
If I were Schmit, I 'd pliefen shoost vot der Schmit
peliefe.

"And to mine Sharman, liperal friendts, I might
mention in dis shpot,
Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit
peliefe in Gott;
Und also dat he coes to shoorsh—mit a brayer-
book for salfadion:
I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his
repudadion.

"Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander
pe,
So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtoody
divinidy:
I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py
fate,
Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Re-
publi-candidate!

"Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare
here in dis hall—
Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may
pefall—
Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his
boledics pe—
*Shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py
me.*"

(Dis voonderfol condescension pring down dre-
mentous applause,
Und dose who catch de nodion gife most derriple
hooraws;
Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtanding
near de door,
Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so
moosh sense pefore.)

" Dese ish de brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch
I run :
Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of
de 'ternal sun :
Boot if you ton't approve of dem—blease nodice
vot I say—
I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

" Und undo my Demogratic friendts I vould fery
glearly shtate—
Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds to hold
a long depate—
Dat dere's no man in de cidy dat sells besser
liquor ash I.
Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* vhenefer mine
friendts ish try.

Ad finem—in de ende—I' moost mendion do you all,
Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a-goming to dis hall :
Dere ish none of mine own barty here, bot we 'll do mitout deir helfs ;
Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot if ve trink it all ourselfs."

Soosh drementous up-loudation pefore was nefer seen,
Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a brick-pat, und no sardine ;
Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin', " Hobe you wird sookceed !"—
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

III.

PARDT DE VIRST.

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

ERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe oondershtand,
Dat de Deutschers are, *dc jure*, de owners of dis land,
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst make be-known,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisiply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Co-logne on der Rhein,
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tofe, id ish wort de drople to mark,
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin' from de ark;
Und shtill wider—in de peginnin', mitout de leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de vorldt herout.

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Ash mein goot oldt teacher Der Kreutzer to me tid ofden shbeak,
De mythus of name rebeats itself—vitch see in his "Symbolik,"
So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
Vas coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch—how voonderful it ron,
Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und der Sohn,
Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason vitch now ish plain,
Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round to der Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-winding ish so teep and broad and tall,
Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh dem at all,
Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe inteed,
Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system—dat only von man's knew,
Vot der tyfel id meant—und he couldn't tell—und der Jean Paul Richter, too,
Who saidt: "Gott knows I meant somedings vhen foorst dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now—for I hafe forgotten it!"

Und all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your nose,
Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he himself soopose,
Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt, as I really do soospect,
Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*—und lesser intellect.

Yet oop-righty I confess it—mitout ashkin' vhy or vhence,
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown sharp-pointet sense,
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line,
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

PARDT DE SECONDT.

SHOWING HOW MR HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF" ON SMITH.

Vide licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote aline vouldt pe,
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a majority,
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass, dat in dis little town,
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit coom down,

His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to deach,
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains,)—und telifer a pooplic shbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe known,
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,
Dat he 'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how dings vas go.

Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout,
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out.

Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls—dis liddle meeding dere
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum* :—shoost suit him to a hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de pall,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars pegin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 'twas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin'—und dey saw und dinked dey know'd,
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de road,

Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so
blain,
Dey donnered out "Hoora for Schmit!" enof to
make it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oop
shardet too his vit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips!—vot if I couldt
bass for Colonel Schmit!
Gaul darn my heels I'll do it—and go the total
swine,
Oh soap balls!—*what* a chance!" said dis dissem-
bulatin' Twine.

Denn 'twas "Willkomm! willkcomm! Mishder
Schmit!" rings aroom on efery site,
Und "First-rate—how dy do, yourself?" der
Hiram Twine replied,

Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink"—boot de
find id mighdy gueer,
Vhen Twine informed em none boot hogs vould
trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot. boison, und as for
Sharman wein,
He dinks it vas erfounden exbressly for Sharman
schwein,
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he glorid
in de name,
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und
do de same.

Dese bemarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout
as vell receife,
Ash a cats in a game of den-pins—ash you may of
coorse peliefe,

De heats of de recebtion vent doun a dootzen degrees,
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roost-lin' of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de crate oradion vitch vas so moosh to blease dem all,
Und dis vay he pegin it: "Perfore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het-Dutch, shouldt know.

" Und pefore I norate furder, I dink it only fair,
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk and square;

Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill plank de facts,
I tont go round slanganderin' my friendts pehind deir packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound of your groonting *shi-shing* Dootch,
Should I in the Legisladure as your slumgullion stand,
I 'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau, to death he should pe led,
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I 'd bunch her in de head;

Und I 'm sûre dat none vill atvocate id's use in
pooplic schools,
Oonless dey 're peastly, nashdy, prutal, saur-kraut
eadin' fools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make
a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundërt gapin' eyes—sechs hundert
shdarin' chaws!
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen—von faindly
dried to hiss:—
Und von saidt: "Ish id shleeps I 'm treamin'—
Gottstausend!—vot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,—boot boldly
vent ahet,
"Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt here
pe set;

Shdop goozlin' bier—shdop shmokin' bipes—shdop
rootin' in de mire,
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselfs:—dat's all dat I
require."

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat
trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder!—go—shlog him
on de kop!
Hei! shoot him mit a powie-knifes!—go for him,
ganz and gar!
Shoost tar him mit some fedders!—led's fedder
him mit tar!

Sooch a tyfel's row of furie vas nefer oopkicket
pefore,—
Some roosh to on-climb de blatform,—some hoory
to festen de toor,—

Von veller vired his refolfer—boot de pullet missed her mark,
She coot tle cort' of de shandelier—it vell—und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he couldt shoomp!
Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de boomp!
Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shood sottelet shoost oudside!
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a tyfel's ride!

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain deer,

Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins—boot
dey only could be-mark
Von climpse of his vhite ober-coat—und a clotter-
in' droo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen
mit,
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt
from Schmit!
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a
lump ash ran,
So—*nemine contradicente*—dey vented for Breite-
mann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before der
Schmit vas know,
Vot maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,

Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash
Hiram Twine had done,—
Nota bene: he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's
vas pusiness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de
fillage hat peen dricked,
He schwore bei Leib und Leben, dat he 'd rader
hafe peen licked,
Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und 'twas
petter to pe a schwein,
Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat
lyin' Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of
dis land,
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from
trow in' oop his hand,

Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot
—vitch phrase ish all de same,
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day;
Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrlichkeit—also de Yankee "wit:"—
Das ist das abenteuer how Breïtmann lick der Schmit.

GLOSSARY.

The reader ought also to consult the Glossaries of the former collections.

Aline, (Ger. *Allein*)—Alone.
Anverthalb Yar, *Anderthalb Yahr*, (Ger.)—Year and a half.
Arbeiterhalle—Working-man's hall.
Aroom, *Herum*—Around.
Aufgespannt, (Ger.)—Stretched, bent.
Augenblick, (Ger.)—Twinkling of an eye.
Barrick, (Pennsylvania Ger. for *Berg*)—Mountain.
Bei Leib und Leben, (Ger.)—By my body and soul.
Bekannt, *Beknown*—Known.
Bemarks, (Ger. *Bemerkungen*)—Remarks.
Bemerkbar, (Ger.)—Observable.
Besoffen, (Ger.)—Drunk.
Bewises, (Ger. *Beweist*, from *Beweisen*)—Proves.
Blokes, (English)—Men.
Bock—A strong kind of German beer.
Boemisch—Bohemian.
Borniertheit—Limitedness of capacity.
Change their lodge—Shift from one "society" to another.
Chunk—A short thick piece of wood, or of anything else; a chump. The word is provincial in England, and colloquial in the United States.
Cinder—Suende.
Comedy—Committee.
Demperanceler, *Temperenzler*—Temperance man.
Dink—he, they think; *my dinks*—my thoughts.
Dinked—he, they thought.
Dishtributet—Instead of *attributed*.
Dissembulatin'—Dissembling.

Dissolfed—Instead of *resolved*.
D'lusion—Instead of *allusion*.
Donnered, (Ger.)—Thundered.
Dummehrlichkeit, (Ger.)—Honest simplicity.
Einander to *sprechen mit*, (Ger.)—To speak together.
Eldern, (Ger. *Eltern*)—Parents.
Emerich—King Emerich, hero of a German legend.
Emsig Gruebler, (Ger.)—Assiduous inquirer.
Entlang, (Ger.)—Along.
Erfounden, (Ger. *Erfunden*)—Invented.
Erstarrt, (Ger.)—Aghast.
Erwaitin', (Ger. *Erwartend*)—Awaiting, expecting.
Euchre, *Eucre*—Sort of game played with cards, very much in vogue in the West.
Fat—Printer's term.
Fichte—German philosopher.
Foreschlag, (Ger. *Vorschlag*)—Proposal.
Foresetzen—To set, put (lay) before an audience.
Gandertate—Candidate.
Ganz und gar, (Ger.)—Altogether, all over.
Gaul darn—G—— ——n.
Ge-brudert, (formed like ge-schwister,)—Brothers.
Ge-birt', (Ger. *Geburt*)—Birth.
Gekommene—Arrived, (newly arrived.)
Gelt, (Ger. *Geld*)—Money.
Glucky (Ger. *Gluecklich*)—Lucky.
Gott weiss, (Ger.)—Heaven knows!
Go von—Go one, bet on him.
Gyrotwistive—Snaky.
Haul de pot—Take the stakes.
Hegel—Name of the German philosopher.
Heldenbuch—Is the title of a collection of epic poems, belonging to the cycle of the German Saga.
Herout, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out.
Honey fooglin', *Honeyfuggle*—Is believed to be English slang. In America it means blarneying, deceiving.
Hoockle perry, *Persimmoned*—"A huckleberry over my persimmon." Surpassed, out-done.
Hundsfott, (Ger. *Vulg.*)—Mean scoundrel, hound.
Kinder, (Ger.)—Children.
Kœnig Etzel—King Attila.
Kopf, (Ger.)—Head.
Kreutzer—Fr. Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on "Symbolik."
Lager Wirthschaft, (Ger.)—Beerhouse.
Liddle pills—Legislative enactments.
Lighthood, (Ger. *Lichtheit*)—Licht.

Los, los gehen, (Ger.)—To go at a thing, at somebody.
Lump, (Ger.)—Ragamuffin.
Markgraefler—A pleasant light wine grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.
Massenversammlung, (Ger.)—Mass meeting.
Meine Seel', (Ger.)—By my soul.
Mineted—Minded.
Mist-hauf, (Ger.)—Dung-hill.
Moleschott—Author of a celebrated work on food.
Naturalizationisds—The officers, &c., who give the rights of native citizens to foreigners.
Norate—To speak in an oration.
No sardine—Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow.
O. K.—An courant.
On de snap—All at once.
Onfang, (Ger. *Anfang*)—Beginning.
Oonshpeakbarly, (Ger. *unaussprechbarlich*)—Inexpressibly.
Oop-geclearéd, (Ger. *Aufgeklaert*)—Enlightened.
Oopright-hood, (Ger. *Aufrichtigkeit*)—Uprightness.
Ooprighty, (Ger. *Aufrichtig*)—Upright.
Oopshardet, (Ger. *Aufgeschärft*)—Sharpened.
Over again—Uebrigen.
Ont-signed, (Ger. *ausgezeichnete*)—Distinguished, signal.
Pesser, besser (Ger.)—Better.
Plue goats—Blue coats, soldiers.
Poker—A favourite game of cards among Western gamblers.
Precackly—Pre (cisely,) exactly.
Protocollirt, protocolliren—To register, record.
Rede, (Ger.)—Speech.
Richter, (Jean Paul Fr.)—Distinguished German author.
Ring—A political clique or cabal.
Rollin' locks—Rolling logs, mutually aiding, (Used only in politics.
Sagen Cyclus—Cycle of legends.
Saw it—Understood it.
Schenket ein, (Ger.)—pour in, (fill the glasses.)
Schlimmer, (Ger.)—Worse.
Scoop—Take in, get.
Scorched—Escorted. A negro-malapropism.
Sefen-lefen—Seven live long (minutes.)
Shlopped—Slopped.
Shmysed, (Ger. *Schmissen*, from *Schmeissen*)—Threw him out of doors.
Shnow-wice, (Ger. *Schnee-weis*)—Snow-white.
Shoopider—Jupiter.
Shpoons—Spoons, Plunder.
Shtuhl, (Ger. *Stuhl*)—Stool, chair.
Slanganderin'—Foolishly slandering.
Slasher goffs—Spins for cocks, with cutting edges.

Slumgoozlin'—Slum or shum-guzzling, humbug.
Slumgullion—A Mississippi term for a legislator. (A very new expression.)
Seifenblasen—Soap Balls.
Solidaten, (Ger. *Soldaten*)—Soldiers.
Sottelet, (Ger.) *Gesattelt*—Saddled.
Sound upon the goose—A phrase originating in the Kansas troubles, and signifying true to the cause of slavery.
Splodderin'—Splattering.
Sports—Sporting men.
Stille, (Ger.)—Stillness.
Stohr—Store.
Straight flush—In poker, all the cards of one suit.
Strumpf, (Ger.)—Stocking.
Tarnal—Eternal.
Theil, (Ger.)—Part.
Tofe—Dove.
Tortled—To tortle, to move off. From *turtle*.
Trow him with ecks—Pelt him with eggs.
Tyfelest—From Teufel, here in the sense of "best" or "worst."
Van't klein komt men tot 't groote, (Dutch)—Great things have small beginnings. (Concordia res parvae crescunt—Legend on the Dutch ducats.)
Verfluchter, (Ger.)—Accursed.
Verloren, (Ger.)—Forlorn.
Versteh, verstehen (Ger.)—To understand.
Voonderly, (Ger.) *Wunderlich*—Wondrous, curious.
Wahlverwandtschaft, (Ger.)—Elective affinity, sympathy of souls.
Wein-handle, (Ger. *Weinhandlung*)—Wineshop.
Wird, (Ger.)—Becomes.
Wised, (Ger. *Wusste*, from *wissen*)—Knew.
Wonnevol, (Ger. *Wonnevoll*)—Blissful.
Zapfet aus, (Ger.)—Tap the barrel.

BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

Hans Breitmann's Party.

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
CLASS

Hans Breitmann's Party.

With other Ballads.

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Eighth Edition, Enlarged.

LONDON:
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1869.

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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

Dem Herrn

Carl Benson,

(CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED,)

Achtungsvoll gewidmet

vom

Verfasser.

Ad Musam.

"Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta;
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo.
Huic me ergebo ipsum menque illi abstatto geliebde,
Huic ehrensaulas aufrichto opfroque Geschenke,
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo."

Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I HEREBY beg to state that Messrs TRÜBNER & Co. of London are the sole authorised publishers in England of my Ballads. Their Editions contain additional verses and alterations made by me to nearly all of the several poems, and which at this time have not appeared in any American or other editions.

(Signed) CHARLES G. LELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, *2d April* 1869.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

"HANS BREITMANN gife a barty"—the first of the few American poems here submitted to the English public—appeared originally during the last civil war, in one of the Pennsylvania newspapers, and soon became widely known, from New York all along the overland route down to San Francisco. Few American poems, indeed, have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of "Hans Breitmann's Barty;" for the words just quoted have actually passed into a proverbial expression. The other ballads of the present collection, likewise first published in several newspapers have only recently been collected by their author,

the gifted and well-known translator of Heine's "Book of Songs," who earned for them the golden opinions of some of the most eminent writers, such as Holmes, Lowell, Whipple, Bristed, &c. They are much of the same character as "Hans Breitmann's Barty"—most of them celebrating the martial career of "Hans Breitmann," whose prototype was a German of the name of Jost, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never* fought unless something *could* be made. The "*rebs*" "gobbled" him one day; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. In fact, "Hans Breitmann as a Bummer," is true in every detail, *without exaggeration*. One of the American critics remarks:—"Throughout all the ballads it is the

same figure presented—an honest 'Deutscher,' drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech."

The poems are written in the droll broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived: it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes giss; company

—gompany; care—gare; count—gount; corner—gorner; till—dill; terrible—derrible; time—dime; mountain—moundain; thing—ding; through—droo; the—de; themselves—demselves; other—oder; party—barty; place—blace; pig—big; priest—breest; piano—biano; plaster—blaster; fine—vine; fighting—vighting; fellow—veller; or, *vice versâ*, he sounds got—cot; green—creen; great—crate; gold dollars—cold dollars; dam—tam; dreadful—treadful; drunk—troonk; brown—prown; blood—ploot; bridge—pridge; barrel—parrel; boot—poot; begging—peggin'; blackguard—plackguart; rebel—repel; never—nefer; river—rifer; very—fery; give—gife; victory—fictory; evening—efening; revive—refife; jump—shoomp; join—choin; joy—choy; just—shoost; joke—choke; jingling—shingling, &c.; or, through a kindred change, both—bofe; youth—youf; but mouth—mout'; earth—eart'

south—sout'; waiting—vaiten'; was—vas; widow—vidder; woman—voman; work—vork; one—von; we—ve, &c. And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple-leck for a table-leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let-bencil for lead-pencil, &c. The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue *s* like *sh* when it is followed by *t* or *p*, and of Germans of southern Germany often also final *s* like *sh*, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shtraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpree, shpirit, &c.; ish (is), ash (as), &c.; and, by analogy, led to shveet (sweet), schwig (swig), &c. We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German-American-English of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms

also met with in England, such as the omission of the final *g* in words terminating in *ing* (blayin'—playing; shpinnen'—spinning; ridin', sailin', roonin', &c.) In assuming, as we must, that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German, we should encroach on the pleasure he will derive from it were we to inflict on him the remarks of a pedantic guide. But, though abstaining from them, we cannot forbear expressing our belief that, in endeavouring to give us a true picture of the corruptions to which English becomes subject in the mouths of German immigrants, the author of these poems has a claim not only to the thanks of those who will derive amusement from their humorous contents, but also of those who may wish to study the vicissitudes which the English language undergoes amongst the mixed population of America.

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HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a bârty;
Dey had biano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you 'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.

De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house;

Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany-vighted mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?

Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!

BREITMANN IN BATTLE.

"TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS
DIGNUM POTUERE ERJAGERE LOBUM."

DER FADER UND DER SON.

" DINKS I'll go a vightin'"—outshpoke der
Breitemann,
"It 's eighdeen hoonderd fordy eight since
I kits swordt in hand;
Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf
been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for
sailin' in."

"If you 'go land out-ridin'," said Caspar Pickle-
tongue,
"Foost ding you knows you cooms across some
repels prave and young,
Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey 'll split you like a
clam"—
"For dat," spoke out der Breitmann, "I doos not
gare one tam!

"Who der Teufel pe 's de repels, und vhere dey
kits deir sass,
If dey make a run on Breitmann he 'll soon let
out de gas;
I 'll shplit dem like kartoffels: I 'll shlog em on de
kop;
I 'll set de plackguarts roonin' so dey don't know
vhere to shtop."

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py his side :

"Forvarts, my pully landsmen ! it 's dime to run and ride ;

Vill riden, vill vighten — der Copitain I 'll pe,

It 's sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavallrie !"

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to pe seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden' on de creen ;

Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand.

Says he, "Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein Faderland ?

"You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your
plackguart Yankee crew,
You mudsills and meganics! Der Teufel put you
droo!
Old Yank you ought to shtay at home und dake
your liddle horn,
Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse"—der Breit-
mann laugh mit shkorn.

"Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost
mine self to home?
I 'fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat'
my thoom:
In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman
will be feared
Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere he
grayed his peard."

"I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him such a dwist
Dill all de plood roßns out, you tamnéd old Apolitionist!
Your creenpacks mit your swordt und vatch right ofer you moost shell,
Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to h–ll!"

"Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in New York,
To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de talk;"
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed deir sabres dwice,
Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig ding on icé.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty
shmack
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go
shplit and crack ;
Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he
safe his life :
Der Breitmann says : " I guess dem shoomps you
learns dem of your vife."

" If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a
shame,
Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and
game.
My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I 'll split
your vaggin' tongue ! "

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt
gray-pearded man—
For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat
sword he ran.
All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms
oldt Breitmann pound,
Und shlinged him down oopon his pack and laidt
him on der ground.

"Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep vhite
—if he can,
Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis old shen-
tleman?
Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your
breest vill pe;
Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets you
free."

" I don't know nix apout ideas—no more dan 'pout
Saint Paul,
Since I 'fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books at
all;
I 'm greener ash de clofer-grass ; I 'm shtupid as a
shpoon ;
I 'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de
Tribune.

" Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein
mutter say,
She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned
afay ;
Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'tvas all
a sell—
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty
vell."

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?

Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?"

Der Breitmann poolled his hand-shoe off und shooked him py de hand;

"Ve 'll hafe some trinks on strengt' of dis—or else may I pe tam'd!"

"Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop," der younger Breitmann said;

"I 'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mine own headt!"

"Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit a blaster;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisasder."

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide,
Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did ride.
Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!
Who 's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here 's mein son," says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he kit down!
How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer so prown!
But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.
"Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art mein son!"

Der one has got a fader ; de oder found a child.
Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce
und vild.
It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so
succeed—
Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREIT-
MANN'S LIED.

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

ER BREITMANN mit his gompany,
Rode out in Marylandt.
" Dere 's nix to trink in dis countrie :
Mine droat 's as dry as sand.
It 's light canteen und haversack,
It 's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I 'd trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve 'd trink oontil ve boorst.

" Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis land around !

Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-donder! men, go ploonder!
Ve hafn't trinked a bit
Dis fourdeen hours! If I had beer
I 'd sauf oontil I shplit!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve 'd sauf oontil ve shplit!

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
Coom rattlin' droo de camp;
" Rouse dere!—coom rouse der house dere!
Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp!
De scouds have found a repel town,
Mit repel davern near,
A repel keller in de cround,
Mit repel lager beer!!

Gling, glang, gloria!
All fool of lager beer!"

Gottsdonnerkreuzsehockschwerenoth!
How Breitmann broked de bush!
"O let me see dat lager beer!
O let me at him rush!
Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
Und is mein var-horse goòt?
To get one quart of lager beer
I'd shpill a sea of ploot.
Gling, glang gloria!
I'd shpill a sea of ploot.

"Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
One hoonderd strong are ve;
Who gares a tam for all de odds
Vhen men so dirsty pe."

And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
Like donder-polts dey fly,
Rush fort as de vild yæger cooms
Mit blitzen droo de shky.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
De moundains, drees, und hedge;
How left und rite de yæger corps
Vent donderin' droo de pridge.
Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
Vhere not some pridges pe:
All dripplin' in de moondlight peam
Stracks vent de cavallrie.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
Oonheedin' vet or try;
Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,
Und shparklin' bepples fly,
Ropp! Ropp! I shmell de parley-prew!
Dere's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp! Ropp!—I scent de kneiperei;
Ve 've got to lager beer!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve 've got to lager beer!

Hei! how de carpine pullets klinged
Oopon de helmets hart!
Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed;
Du alter Knasterbart!
De contrapands dey sing for choy
To see de rebs go down,
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry:

Hoorah !—ve 've dook de down.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria, victoria !
De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
And vild husaren shout
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
Und rolled de lager out ;
And in the coorlin' powder shmoke,
Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
A knockin' out de boong.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria ! Encoria !
De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
Vhile yet his hand was red,

A trinkin' lager from his poots
Among de repel tead.
'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
Along der moundain side;
'Tvas dus dey help make history!
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
Gling, glang, gloria;
Victoria! Victoria!
Cer'visia, encoria?
De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
All famous, broad, und vide.

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER.

ER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop
on his coorse,
He shtops at de gross-road und reins in
his horse.
"Dere 's a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak!"
Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone
bast,
There coomed a young orterly gallopin' fast,
Who gry mit amazement: "Here Shen'ral! Goot
Lord!
Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford!"

Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say " D——n!
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver;
But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:
Ho Sickles! move promp'ly, send down a prigade!
Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford."

Dey spoored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,
But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too late,
For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bummers de repels coom down:
Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad;

Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost "*Mutter Gottes!*" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
Einer aus Bœblingen—he too vash dere—
Karli of Karlisruh 's shot near de fence,
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens,)
Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought,
Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash caught;
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;
But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem, yet.

" He has more on his pipe as dem vellers allows
He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
Dey 'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford."

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oop-done,
Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone ;
Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.
Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECOND PART.

N dulce jubilo now ve all sings,
A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.
De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea!

Dere 's a gry from de guart—dere 's a clotter und dramp,
Vhen dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp,

Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw;
Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always do:
"Look! [his spook!
Sagre pleu! fentre Tieu!—dere ish Breitmann—
He ish goming dis vay! *Nom de garce!* can it pe
Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea!"

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve tremples mit tread,
For risin' all swart on de efenin' red
Vas Johannes—der Breitman—der war es, bei Gott!
Coom ridin' to oos-vard, right shtraight to de shpot!

All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz;
Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say "Ave Morie!
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea!"

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,
For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
In a vlamin' new coat und magnificent vest.
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaisar he bore,
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
Moost hafe pröken some panks on his vay to de sea.

" Id is he !" " *Und er lebt noch !*" he lifes, ve all say
Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann !—Hans Breitmann ! *Herr Je !*"
Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find
Dat vherefer he 'd peen, he 'd left noding pehind.
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,
Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
Der ghosdt hafe prin̈g mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.
Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein,*
Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.

Den t'vas "here 's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed'
—*bist zurück?*
Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights
veek?"
Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpree
For choy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat
peen,
Vot he tid; vot he pass droo—or vot he might
seen?
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem
woons,
Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods
und shpoons?
For to all of dem queeries he only reblies,
"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no
lies!"

So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe
Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies
How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir sooplies:
For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant
Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.
But 'tis vhispered dat vhile a refolfer'll go round
Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;
Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder!—not he,
Vhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

BREITMANN IN KANSAS.

ONCE oopon a dimes, goot vhile afder der var vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest, drafellin' apout like efery dings—"*circuivit terram et perambulavit eam*," ash der Teufel said ven dey ask him: "How vash you and how you has peen?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say: "Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breitmann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "*Ecce Gallus!* I am dat rooster!" Den der Hans dook a trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, and goes indo himself a little dimes and den coomes out again mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He drafel fast und far.
He rided shoost drei dousand miles
All in von rail-roat car.
He knowed foost rate how far he goed—
He gounted all de vile,
Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,
Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
I dell you vot, my poy,
You bet dey hat a pully dimes
In crossin' Illinoy.
Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk
A shtandin' in de car;
Den ask dem in to dake a trink,
Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
By shings! dey did it prown.
When he got into Leafenvort,
He found himself in town.
Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
More goot as man could dink;
Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He vent it on de loud.
At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,
He foundt a pully crowd.
He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
But dat 's "blayed out," dey say;
De vhiskey keg 's de only dings
Dat 's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
To see vot he could hear.
He foundt soom Deutschers dat exisdt
Py makin' lager beer.
Says he: "*Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?*"
But nodings could be heard;
Dey 'd growed so fat in Kansas
Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Py shings! I dell you vot,
Von day he met a crisly bear
Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott!*
Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear
Und bleased him fery much—
For efery vordt der crisly growled
Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas!
By donder dat is so!
He ridet oout upon de blains
To shase de boofalo.
He fired his rifle at the bools,
Und gallop droo de shmoke,
Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
Der teufel vas a choke!

It 's hey de trail to Santa Fe;
It 's ho! agross de plain;
It 's lope along de Denver road,
Until ve toorn again.
Und de railroad drafel after us
Apout as quick as ve;
Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He have a pully dime;
But 'twas in old Missouri
Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
Und all der nobs around;
Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him
Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Droo all dis earthly land,
A vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectifly und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree!

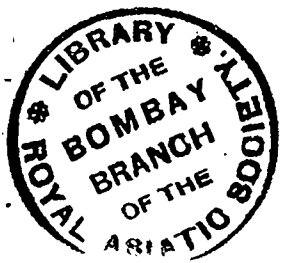
DIE SCHŒNE WITTWE.

(DE POOTY VIDDER.)

I. VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.

AT pooty liddle vidder
Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name,
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
A-doin' shoost de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
Und ask 'er how she pe.
Dey lofes her ver' goot liquœr,
Dey lofes her liddle shtore;

"Dey lofes her little paby,
But dey lofes die vidder more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidder,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve 'll be pound.
Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das beer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply for to zee her."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II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

OH yes I know die wittwe,
Mit eyes so prite und proun!
She 's de allerschœnste wittwe
Vot live in dis here down.
In her plack silk gown—mine grashious!—
All puttoned to de neck—
Und a pooty liddle collar,
Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
Ho! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—
You cant pegin to shine
Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along—
Dis vidder ash ish mine!
Ho! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
You Englishers und sooch.

You cant pègin to coot me out,
Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
Ich hab die schœne wittwe
Schon lange nit gesehn,
Ich sah sie gestern Abend
Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,
Die Augen hell und klar.
Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst—
Potztausend! das ist wahr.*

* I had not seen for many days
The handsome widow's face;
I saw her last night standing
By her counter, full of grace.
With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,
With eyes so bright and blue,
I kissèd her full well six times,
Indeed, and that is true.

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

HANS BREITMANN choined de Turners
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
All in de Turner Hall.
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,
Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on de fifes
Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,
Und poots him on a course of shprouts,

Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
  Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
  In his mout' dill he 's 'pout half tead!

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners;
  Dey make shimnastig dricks;
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
  Und put oop a fifdy-six.
Und den he drows it to de roof,
  Und schwig off a treadful trink:
De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
  Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners:—
  Mein Gott! how dey drinked und shwore;
Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
  Und Bavarians by de score.

Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland.
Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
Und *he* vas a *Holstein* Dane.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,
Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom;
Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt
It knock de musik doomb.
Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,
It coorl de haar on deir head;
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere;
Und, py tam! it kilt dem dead!

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners;
De ladies coomed in to see;
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
All in der gal-lerie.

Dey ashk: "Vhere ish der Breitmann?"
And dey dremple mit awe and fear
Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,
A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners:—
I dells you vot py tam!
Dey sings de great Urbummellied:
De holy Sharman psalm.
Und vhen dey kits to de gorus
You ought to hear dem dramp!
It scared der Teufel down below
To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners:—
By Donner! it vas grand,
Vhen de whole of dem goes a valkin'
Und dancin' on deir hand,

Mit de veet all vavin' in de air,
Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !
Dill der Breitmannsfall und dey all go down
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,
Dey lay dere in a heap,
And slept dill de early sonnen shine
Come in at de vindow creep ;
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
And dey go to kit deir feed :
Here hat dis song an Ende—
Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

ER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de creenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,

Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outsphoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You 'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vhere dere 's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',
Und you catches dem efery one:"—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I 'll giss you like efery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.

E moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mine Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Ven all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy
Vas sittin' in de place;
Von tooket a chew tobacco
Und trowed it indo her vace.
De voman got coonvulshons,
De papy pegin to gry;
Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin,
Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger
Katrina Bauer und I,
I openet de lit of mine pasket,
Und pringed out a cherry bie.
A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
"How goot!" Katrina said,
Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,
Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
I gifed him a biece my mind,
I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,
Mit der teufel himself pehind.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
Und peats me plack and plue;
Und all de plackguards kick me,
Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
Don't know how de rowdies shtrike
Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,
He knows it more ash he like.
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
Are sometimes too hard on dis land,
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's hand!

GLOSSARY.

The following short Glossary has been compiled especially with a view to assist the English reader, as without some help he might here and there be at a loss to get at the original form of the German and English corruptions with which these pages abound, or at the sense of the German jargon not found in our dictionaries. He will, in doubtful cases, also do well to consult the general remarks of the Preface.

Alter Schwed', (old Swede)—A familiar phrase like old fellow.
Barell-hell bars—Parallel bars; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
Be-mark, (Ger. *Bemerken*)—Observe.
Bender, (Amer.)—A spree; a frolic. To "go on a *bender*" = to go on a spree.
Bool—Bull.
Bowery—A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans.
Brisner—Prisoner.
Bummer, (Amer.)—A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers-on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German *bummler* (loafer).
Canyon, (Span. *Cañon*)—A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, in New Mexico, and California.
Clam—The popular name of bivalvular shell-fish.
Corned, (Amer.)—Made drunk.
Cruite—Great.
Dampfschiff—Steamboat.
Doon—Tune.
Feldwebel, (Ger.)—A sergeant.
Fool—Full.
Greischarlinger, (Ger. *Freischaerler*)—A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the revolution in 1848.
Gensy broost, (Ger. *Gänsebrust*)—Goose-breast.
Gesangverein, (Ger.)—Singing-society.
Gottallmachty, (Ger. *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.
Gotts-doonder, (Ger. *Gott's Donner*)—God's thunder. See also *Gott's tausend*, a thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none.
Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth, (Ger.)—Another variety of big swearing.
Gottstausend, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Gott's tausend Donnerwetter* (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of *Gott's doonder*; with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.
Hand-shoe, (Ger. *Handschuh*)—Glove.
Herr Je (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!); generally only used by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.
Knasterbart, (Ger.)—Literally, tobacco-beard; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe.
Kneiperei, (Ger.)—Revel.
Kooken—Cake.
Kop, (Ger. *Kopf*)—Head.

Lager, Lagerbeer, (Ger. *Lagerbier*, i.e., *Stockbeer*)—Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into *Lager*. A kind of small beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes.

Libby—The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.

Loosty, (Ger. *Lustig*)—Jolly, merry.

Mitout—Without.

Mud-sill—The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figuratively applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society.

Nig.—Nigger.

Nix, (Ger. *Nichts*)—Nothing.

Oder—Other. See Preface.

Pimeby—By and by.

Pokal, (Poculum)—Goblet.

Pretzel, (Ger.)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.

Pully, i e., *Bully*—An Americanism, adjective. Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English use the word *crack:* as, "a *bully* horse," "a *bully* picture."

Reb.—An abbreviation of rebel.

Rouse, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out; come out.

Sass, Sassy, Sassin'—Sauce, saucy, &c.

Schatz—Sweetheart.

Schläger, (Ger.)—A kind of sword or broadsword; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.

Schwig, Swig, verb.—To drink by large draughts.

Schwigs, Swig, n.—A large draught.

Sharman, Shermen—German.

Shings—Jingo; by jingo.

Shpicket—Spigot; a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.

Skool—Skull.

Skyugle, (Amer.)—"Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter "skyugled," and sometimes he "skyugled" a coat or watch.

Souse und Brouse, (Ger. *Saus und Braus*)—Revelry and rioting.

Spook, (Ger. *Spuk*)—A ghost.

Thoom—Thumb.

Tixey—"I wish I was in Dixie." The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and "Dixie's Land" understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, some 75 years ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as "I wish I was in Dixie."

To House (Ger. *zu Hause*)—At home.

Turner, (Ger.)—Gymnast.

Turner Verein, (Ger. *Turnverein*)—Gymnastic Society.

Urbummellied, (Ger. *vulg.*)—Arch-loafer's song.

Villiam—William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.

Von—One. See Preface.

Woon, (Ger. *Wunde*)—Wound.

Hans Breitmann's Christmas.

With other Ballads.

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Second Edition.

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I HEREBY beg to state that Messrs TRÜBNER & Co. of London are the sole authorised publishers in England of my Ballads. Their Editions contain additional verses and alterations made by me to nearly all of the several poems, and which at this time have not appeared in any American or other editions.

(Signed) CHARLES G. LELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, 2*d April* 1869.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

THE cordial reception given to "Hans Breitmann's Barty" has encouraged the Editor to submit to the British public a second collection of "Breitmann Ballads.

The first set of these ballads introduced to the British public a new character—the German of the United States,—with his fighting propensity, sentimentalism, and romanticism, together with his love for the "parley-prew," music, dancing, and philosophy. These qualities, real or imaginary, Mr Leland has delineated with inimitable drollery, and with grotesque, but not ill-natured exaggeration.

In the first ballad of the present collection—"Hans Breitmann's Christmas"—we have a portrait of the same character from a slightly different point of view. Instead of Breitmann at a small "*Barty*," the reader is shown his hero at a grand

Christmas festivity, in which the characteristic features of this great German "institution" are quaintly and amusingly portrayed. The second ballad is a free rendering of the "Freyschütz Legend," with a new ending. In the third ballad —"Breitmann about Town"—the hero delivers his opinion on female suffrage, ritualism, and other modern topics. There is also an attempt in this ballad at something original in punning—viz., the making of a pun on the same word in two languages. In the fourth verse there are abysses under abysses of cryptic and concealed fun. The fourth ballad—"Wein-geist"—sketches a toper whose prototype may have been the Prussian minister Von Mühler's famous guest, coming "grad aus dem Wirthshaus." The fifth and last ballad—"Schnitzerl's Philosopede"—narrates the sad fate of the fastest velocipede-man of recent times—a Phaeton of the nineteenth century.

The reader will perceive that our bard has taken a more ambitious flight in the ballads of the present collection than he did in those of the preceding

one; and exception might be taken to his choice of subjects, and treatment of them, if the language employed by him were a fixed dialect—that is, a language arrested at a certain stage of its progress; for in that case he would have had to subordinate his pictures to the narrow sphere of the realistic incidents of a given locality. But the imperfect English utterances of the German, newly arrived in America, coloured more or less by the peculiarities of his native idiom, do not make, and never will make a dialect; for the simple reason that, in proportion to his intelligence, his opportunities, and the length of time spent by him among his new English-speaking countrymen, he will sooner or later rid himself of the crudenesses of his speech, thus preventing it from becoming fixed. Many of the Germans who have emigrated and are still emigrating to America belong to the well-educated classes, and some possess a very high culture. Our poet has therefore presented his typical German, with perfect propriety, in a variety of situations which would be incompatible

with the narrow conceptions within which the dialect necessarily moves, and has endowed him with character, even where the local colour is wanting.

The poems of the present collection furnish a fresh proof, if proof were wanted, of Mr Leland's command of the two idioms, and of his rare insight into the source whence they sprang. Philologists will be astonished at formations like "erstaunished," "by-nearly," "gleewine," "rauschlin'," "sad-full," "word-play," "guest-friendly;" whilst the restitution of the German augment in the past participles, once common to both languages,—as in "ge-born," "ge-roasted," "be-gifted," "ge-bilded" (built), etc., —makes one almost regret its loss to modern English poetical expression.

Nothing need be added to the above remarks except a recommendation to English readers to read the poems at least twice, as the effort needed to get over the Germanised spelling prevents the fun of the stories from being fully appreciated at first.

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HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

"Hæc est illa bona dies
Et vocata læta quies
Vina sitientibus.

"Nullus metus, nec labores,
Nulla cura, nec dolores,
Sint in hoc symposio."
[*De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforti ad Mœnum, A.D.* 1585.

D vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Ghristmas Efe dey call—
Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik Hall';
Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Liederkranz
Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin' tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall' mid pushes so nople to pe seen,
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt creen :
De laties vork like tyfels dwo tays to scroob de vloor,
Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM ! oop de toor !

Und vhile dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose red-akteur tid say,
Dat Breitmann he vas *liederlich :* ve ant-worded dis-a way,
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red :
" Our *Leader lick* de repels ! N.G." (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller baint,
Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to shvear a saint,
For ve vanted LA GERMANIA;—boot der ardist mit a bloonder,
Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id—und denn poot MANIA oonder!

"Now ve moost pe guest-friendlich," said Breitemann, said he;
"Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.
Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch;
Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers vhen you gifes dem freie lunsch."

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh
weren im Hall;
I shvears you id vas Gott-fülle—dat shplendit, pe-
glory'd ball;
Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve coot
oop like der tyfel in France,
Und valk pair-wise in, vhile de musik blayed loudt
de Fackel-Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went
out of fits,
Ash, der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de
lofely Helmine Schmitz.
He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a
peaudiful solemn shmile,
Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* alla
weil.

"*Es tœnt, es rauschet Saitenklang*—I hear de musik call
Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang—all droo de gleamin' Hall.
O mœcht ich schweben stolz und froh—O mighdt I efer pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!—mine Lebenlang by dee!"

Und vaster blay dé musik de *Wellen und Wogen* von Strauss;
Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop *aus*;
Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin' vloor,
So de shpinners shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey couldn't shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding,*
Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear some
glasses ring;
Foors mild und sonft in de distants—like de song
of a nightingall,
Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clotterin'—ash de
Glück of Edenhall?

Hei! how ve roosh on de liquor!—hei: how de
kellners coom:
Hei! how ve busted de bier-kegs und boonished
de *Punsch a la Rhum.*
Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant
shore;
Like an awful shtorm in de Wælder—vas de
dirsty Deutschers' roar!

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed
shoost fifdy-dwo,
Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—by
doonder how dey flew!
I ring de deck on de vaiters for liquor hot und
cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake
de pool!

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in
any roog,
De trompets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere come
in a *Maskenzug*,
A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,
De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman
dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda, doo,
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses plue,
Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a Roman yoke,
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane Chroc.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der crate,
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate;
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our heartsen pleed,
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled shplendid witz
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely Mina Schmitz:
"Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so andiquadet?"
"Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapi-*dated!*"

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat vanished droo de door,
Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin' on de vloor;
Denn de laties yell like der tyfel, und vly like gulls mit wings,
Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve laughet like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas ge-
born;
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas oober, he plow on a
yæger horn,
Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de
hall:
"Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten', mit bresents for
oos all!"

So ve vollowed him into de *zimmer* so quick ash
dese vords he said,
To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de
dead;
Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mit
lighds ve druly vound,
Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all
round!

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn—a maedchen shtraigdt und tall,
She cot a bicture of Cubid—boot she tidnt *see* it ad all,
Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat all de laties dake :
"Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so ofden make!"

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,
A schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot;
Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,
For he kit a yellow gratle mit a liddle vooden Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie, dię orkester tid blay;

Adagio—allegro—andante cantabile.

Ve sat in shtill oommotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,

Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks, mitwhiles he vas trinkin' schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung by de Liederkranz,

Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed me oop for a tantz;

Dis dimes I tanz wie der Tyfel—we shriek de volk on de vloor;

Und boost right indo de sooper room—for ve tanzt a hole droo de door!

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered,
Mann und Weib;
"Rip Sam und sed her oop acain!—ve're all of de
Shackdaw tribe!"
Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und
peg oos to shtop our din,
Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins
marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins—dey goed to de
end' der hall,
Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns—dey
rolled at em mit a ball.
De balls vas paintet peaudiful; dey was vifdeen
feet aroundt;.
Und de rule ov de came: "whoefer cot hidt, moost
doomple on de croundt."

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins—sometimes de oder volk—
Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke;
Boot I dells you vot it maked oos laugh dill we by-nearly shplits,
Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de Mina Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed on,
Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas tone!
How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on de roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm*:
Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for
gespickter hare,
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod—
kaviar:
Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst
hich lofely shine,
Und oh, mein Gott im Kimmel! *how* we goed for
de Mosel-wein!

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker
shtill cot ve,
In rosy lighdt shtill driven on agross a fairy
sea;
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat-
dish!
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt
de tish.

I 'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—boot
nefer von like dis;
De mörgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de
pliss.
De vhile in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly
vind-harps rang
A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinweinbechers'
Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of honey'd
rhyme—
De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic
dime;
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin'
mead :——
Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's
Weihnachtslied !

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

AIR—"*Der Pabst lebt,*" &c.

WIE gehts, my frendts—if you'll allow—
I sings you rite afay shoost now
Some dretful shdories vitch dey galls
Der Freyschütz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Vhere folk trink prandy mate of plooms;
Dere lifed ein Yaeger—Maxerl Schmit—
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who
Says, " Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;
If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
Dere 'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

" If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
Dere 'll pe de donnerwetter loose ;
For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,
Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann."

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
Dat all de shaps togeder met ;
Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;
Boot von shap—Kaspar—saidt, " Ton't mind ;
I dells you fot—you stoons 'em alls
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls."

"De magic balls! oh, vot is dat?"
"I cot soom in my hoontin' hat;
Dey 're plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue:
Oh, dem 's de kindt of balls for you

"You see dat eagle vlyin' high,
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky;
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him tead ash doonderblix!"

"I ton't pelieve de dings you say."
"You fool," says Kasp, "denn plaze afay!"
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

"O was ist das?" said Maxerl Schmit:
"Vhy! dat 's de eagle vot you hit.
You kills him vhen you plaze afay;
Boot dat 's a ding you nix verstay.

"Und you moost go to make dem balls
To de Wolf's Glen vhen mitnight valls.
Dow knows 't de shpot—alone und late"—
"Oh ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate!"

"Boot denn I does not like to co·
Among dem dings." Says Kasp, "Ach, 'sho!
I 'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps!"

("Hilf Zamiel! hilf!")—"Here, dake some more!"
Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloor,
Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,
Dill Max saidt, "*Nun—ich gehe mit!*"

All in de finster mitternocht,
Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,
Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry
His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,
De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,
Und all the tyfels oonder croundt
Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along: says he,
"Mein Gott! vot dings ish dis I see!
I dinks de fery tyfel und all
Moost help to make dem magic ball.

"I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,
Und shtaid mineself in pett to house."
"Hilf Zamiel!" cried Kasp; "you whelp—
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!"

Denn oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm;
De howl shoomped oop und flopt his vings,
Und toorned his het like efery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot;
Und hœllisch fire in grimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to;
Six treadtful shail-pirds mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,
Boot casted out de pullet balls;
Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad 'last, oopon de drial tay,
De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,
Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertsnog—dat's der Duke—
Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look:
"Young mans," to Maxerl denn saidt he,
"Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree!"

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
"Potzblitz!" says he, "dat dove I'll fix!"
He fired his rifle at de *Taub*',
When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
De gals dey cried, de men dey coossed:
Der Hertshog says, "Id 's fery glear
Dat dere has peen some tyfels here!

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei!'
Pfui!—die verfluchte Hexerei!
O Maximilian! O Du
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu!"

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late;
Says he, "I 'll fix dese dings foostrate:"
Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
Und mate of him a Yægersmann,
Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon und pfeil,
Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife;
Denn all de beoples gried "Hoorah!
Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!"

MORAL.

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood
Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot:
Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*
ibus curantur—if you will.

BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.

ER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
Ash dreimals honered gast.
"Led 's see de sighdts! In self und worldt,—
Dere 's 'sighdts' for him, to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermögen hat,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin',
Of Offenbach, (der *open brook*,)
His show spiel Belle Heléne.

" Dere 's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—
Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree:
I alvays like sooch *brooks* ash dese;"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
Vhich Mishder Astor bilt:
Some pooks vere only *en broschure*,
Und some vere pound und gilt.
" Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
De pest tressed vellers guilt de most:"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,
Who 'd shanged his flag und doon,
Und crowed oopon der oder side,
Dat very afdernoon.

" De anciends vorshipped wetter-cocks,
To wetter *fanes* pent de knee;
Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow!'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker's hause,
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
He only vant a pig red shield
Hoong oop pefore de toor;
One side of red, one side of gold,
Like de knighds in hisdorie—
" De schildern of dat schild is rich,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
Of frames wort' many a cent,
De broperty of a shendleman,
Who oonto Europe vent.

"Dont gry—he 'll soon pe pack again
Mit anoder gallerie:
He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis 'berson's house,
To see his furnidure,
Sold oud at aucdion rite afay,
Berembdory und sure.
"He geeps six houses all at vonce,
Each veek a sale dere pe,
Gotts! vot a dime his vife moost hafe!"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
Long dimes dey roamed apout,
Von veller had a pran new sort,
De fery latest out.

" Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself
De shmell ish oldt to me ;
De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,
De prandy make dem creep,
A trop of id 's enough to make
A brazen monkey veep.
" Dey say a viner house ash dis,
Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
Crate Gott !—vot *can* dey mean to trink ?"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
Dey saw vrom haus to haus,
Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,
Vive hoondred awful rows.

" If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
Could *von* crate pattle pe,
Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,
Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,
In hobes he 'll lofe dem pack again,
In winter among de showers.
" Vhen de Pacific railroat 's done,
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
De last sensadion shtyle,
'Twas 'nough to make der tyfel weep
To see his " awful shmile."

"Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er
Vas in Théologie,
Dey 'd make him pishop in dis shoorsh,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent indo a shpordin' crib,
De rowdies cloostered dick,
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
Und dat infernal quick.
Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,
Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
"Id 's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedin's next,
Dey hear dem rant and rail,
Der bresident vas a forger,
Shoost bardoned oud of jail.

He does it oud of cratitood,
To dem who set him vree:
"I 'ds Harmonie of Inderesds,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyand witch,
A plack-eyed handsome maid,
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes—denn
"Fife dollars, gents!" she said.
"Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',
Und yed are *on* id, I see,
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
Der vaiter coot a dash;
He garfed a shicken in a vink,
Und serfed id at a vlash.

" Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot,
Und roon mit poulderie,
He vas copitain oonder Turtchin vonce,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
Vhere laties all agrees,
De gals should all pe voters,
Und deir beaux all de votees.
" For efery man dat nefer vorks,
Von frau should vranchised pe:
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,
De sighds vere here—de sighds vere dere—
Und de vorldt vent on forefer.

" De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

WEIN GEIST.

STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doomplet de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat'!" und "murder!"
Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,

Und dey yait dill de windsbraut comet,
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
—Jahrdausand in, oud, it standet—
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here vonce on a dimes a vitches,
Soom melodies here peginned,
De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine,
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet,
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endet vhere all peginnet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

OUR friend Herr Hans Breitmann has been to look at the velocipede, and likes it muchly. He, however, declares that a friend of his named Schnitzerl once constructed a very wonderful article of the kind, which would have been a perfect success had it not killed the inventor, whose melancholy death Herr Breitmann has set forth in the following ballad :—

I.

BROLOCK.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of de pullyest kind;

It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel was in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it oft
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat efery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy craps,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;

De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt ·
"Potztausend! Was ist das?"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a ghastly shmile;
He tidn't toouch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish preak!
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
Vhen ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.

His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
Vhen at his exdra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;
De vheel like blitzen flew!
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz tyfelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
Vhere dos his shbirit pide?
In Himmel droo de endless plue,
It takes a medeor ride.

II.

HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
Vas quardered into dwo,
Und how his crate philosopede
To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
He dinked und dinked so heafy,
Ash only Deutschers can,
Denn saidt, "Who mighdt peliefet
Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir idées,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
Mighdt drafel many vays.
In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
Der Fichte makes pelieve,

Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
In vhat pehindt ve leave.

" De shparrow falls ground-downvarts,
Or drafels to de West ;
De shparrows dat coom afder,
Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man had not vings or fedders,
Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
He tont coom up to shparrows,
But on nests he goes ahet.

" O ! vliest dou droo bornin' voridts,
Und nebuloser foam,
By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,
Or vhere red tyfels roam ;
Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
Peyond creation flee ?
Vhere e'er dou art, Oh Schnitzerlein,
Crate Saindt ! Look town on me !

" Und deach me how you maket
Dat crate philosopede,
Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster
Ash any Arap shteed.
Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
Und knock dem oud de shpots.
Coom pack to eart', Oh Schnitzerlein,
Und pring id down to dots !"

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
Und oonterwards de dable
He doompelt mit a crash.
Und to him, moong de glasses,
Und pottles ash vas proke,
Mit his het in a cigar-box,
A foice from Himmel shpoke :

"*Adsum, Domine* Breitmann!
Herr Copitain, here I pe!
So dell me rite *honeste,*
Quare inquietasti me?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru!"

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl;
"*Coarctor nimis,* see!
Siquidem Philistiim
Pugnant adversum me.
Ergo vocavi te,
Ash Saul *vocavit* Sam-
Uel, *ut mi ostenderes*
Quid tyfel *faciam?*"

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)
Saidt "*Bene*, dat's de talk,
Non habes in hoc shanty,
A shingle *et* some chalk?
Non video inkum nec calamos,
(I shpose some bummer shdole 'em,)
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum!"

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk
Vhich riset vrom de vloor,
Und signed a fine philosopede
Alone, oopon de toor.
De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,
Und oonderneat' he see:
Probate inter equites,
(Try dis in de cavallrie.)

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloor,
Und leanet on a post;
Und saidt: "If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
Dat vouldt mighdt peen a ghosdt;
Boot if id pe nouomenon,
Phenomenoned indeed,
Or de soobyectif obyectified,
I 'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
Ash vork in iron-steel,
To make him a philosopede
Mit shoost an only vheel.
De dings vas maket simple,
Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,
For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,
Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
In learnin' for to ride,
Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
Dat rollen in de tide.
De dimes he cot oopsettet,
In shdeerin' left und righdt,
Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
Pefore he get oopset.
Some dimes he co like plazes,
Und doorn her, extra-fine;
Und denn shlopofer—dis is hot
Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
To make dis 'vention go,
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
He doomplet righdt—he doomplet left,
He hafe a dousand doomps;
Derè nefer vas a gricket ball
Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot—ash he 'd shvearet he 'd poot it droo,
He shvear't it moost pe tone;
Dough he schimpft' und flucht' *gar læsterlich,*
He visht he 't ne'er pegun.
Mit "Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz-sakrament!"
He maket de Houser ring,
Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot! At lasht he cot it,
Und peautifool he goed,
"Dis day," saidt he, "I 'll 'stonish folk
A ridin' in de road.
Dis day, py shings, I 'll do it,
Und knock dings oud of sight:"
Ach weh!—for Breitemann dat day,
Vas not be-markt mit vhite.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,
Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.
For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
Mein Gott!—boot dey wer'n dry;
Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
De fery cóondry shook,
Und beople's shkreemt, " Da ist er!—Schau
Here cooms der Breitmann, look!"
Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a sighdt!
Vas efer soosh a gry!
Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
Der Breitemann roosh py?

Oh mordal man! Vhy ish idt, dou
Hast passion to go vast?
Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse
Likes shbeed too quick to lasht?
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem,
Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew! Von mighdy gry
Ash he vent scootin' bast
Von derriple, drementous yell;—
Dat day de virst—und lasht
Vot ha! Vot ho! Vhy ish it dus?
Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht?
Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbair?
Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
Shbeak, soul!—it ish dy biz!
Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
Dey fairly heard him whizz.
Vhen shoost oopon a nill-top point
It caught a pranch ge-bent,
Und like an apple from a shling,
Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
Allowin' more or lees :—
Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—a mile or dwo
He rollet along—I guess.
Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball
Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
Like made of Gummi-lasticum ?—
So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in,
No wort der Breitmann shboke.
Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt,
Dat nodings ish peen proke.
" He rollt de rocky road entlang,
He pounce oer shtock und shtone,
You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,
Yet nefer preak a pone !"

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied
He seemt not mind de shaps,
Nor mofed oontil der medicus
Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
De schmell voke oop de boetry
Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
Und he murmulte de fragmends
Of an sad romantish song:

"Ash sommer pring de roses
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw!

"Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring the pill.
Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve 'll get troonk among de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw!"

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
Boot efer on de vay
He nefer shpeaket no man,
Und nodings else couldt say,
Boot, "Maidelein—rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in her paw,
Ve 'll get troonk among de roses,
Und lie soper on de shtraw"

Dey laid der Hans im Bette,
Peneat' de eider doun,
Und sembelet all de doktors
Who doktor in de town,—
Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—
For Breitmann alvays says,
De Deutschers ish de onlies
Mit originell idées.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
Dat vork ash Caféopath,
Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
Who usè de milchy bath;
Und Korschalitschky aus Boehmen,
Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen,
Who mofe all eart'ly ills
Mit concentrigter Schinken juice,
Und Pumpernickel pills.
Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
Und von who shkare tiseases
Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
Who proctise "renovation"
Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
Or dreatet ash a tunce,
Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems
Oopon Breitmann—all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exscepdion
Of gifin' Schlesier-wein:
For de remedy vas dangerfull
For von who trink from Rhein.
Ash der Tyfel vonce deklaret,
Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
Und woonderfool to dell,
He coom to his Gesundheit,
Und pooty soon cot vell.
Some hinted at *Natura*,
Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
More newly has pegun;
Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
Und volk say de end vill pe,
Philosopedal shanges
In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage!
Gott helf de Indi-án!
Shouldt Breitmañ shoin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan!
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I'll write anoder lied;
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede!

GLOSSARY.

The reader will do well to refer also to the Glossary appended to "Hans Breitmann's Party," the forerunner to the present collection. He ought also to consult the remarks on consonantic changes contained in the Preface to the same.

Ach weh—An exclamation of pain.
Alla weil—All the while.
Alles wird ewig zu eins, (Ger.)—And all for ever becomes one.
Anti Word: Antwort—Answer.
Antworded, (Ger.)—Answered.
Arminius, (Herman.)—The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of the Roman legions under Varus, in the Teutoburg Forest.
Aus, (Ger.)—Out.
Bach, (Ger.)—Brook.
Begifted—Beschenkt.
Berauscht, (Ger.)—Intoxicated.
Bestimmung des Menschen—Vocation of Man, title of one of Fichte's works.
Bibliothek—Library.
Bix, Büchse, (box)—Rifle. Bess in Brown Bess is the equivalent of the German *Büchse*, (Brown being merely an alliterative epithet:) French, *buse tube:* Flemish, *buis.* (Still found in blunderbuss, arquebuss.) See Blackley's "Word Gossip."
Blaetter, (Ger.)—Leaves.
Blei—Lead.
Blitzen, (Ger.)—Lightning.
Bogs—In America all insects, especially Coleoptera.
Breit, (Ger.)—Broad.
Bring it down to dots—Reduce it to figures.
Broosh-pinder—Brushbinder, (Ger. *Buerstenbinder.*)—Brushmaker. The brushmakers are supposed, probably on account of their throat-parching business, to be always thirsty.
Butterbrod, (Ger.)—Buttered bread.
By—Nearly: Beinahe—Almost, nearly.
Came—Game.

Chroc, Chrocus, Crocus—An Alemannic leader, who overrun Gaul, according to Gregory of Tours.

Conradin—The last of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen—beheaded at Naples in 1268.

Coot—(To cut) a dash, (to come out a "swell,") to dress extravagantly.

Crecian pend—When Breitmann says "Dat pend of the bow ish the Crecian pend," it is a rather equivocal compliment. "Grecian bend" has lately become a great newspaper expression. Smuggling done by women is called a "Case of Grecian bend." The present style of skirt, full at the back, is favourable to it.

Da ist er! Schau!—There he is! look!

Deck—A pack of cards, piled one upon another.

Dessauerinn—A female from Dessau.

Donnerwetter, (Ger.)—Thunder and lightning.

Doonderblix—Thunder and lightning.

Drawed he in—(literal rendering of the German, *Zog er ein,*) *Einziehen*, to take up one's abode with.

Dreimal, (Ger.)—Three times.

Drocks—Drakes, dragons; (Ger.)—Drachen

Eberschwein, (Ger.)—Wild boar.

Erstaunished, erstaunt—Astonished!

Fackel—Tantz, (Ger.)—Torch dance.

Fancy craps—Fast horses.

Fanes, Wetterfahnen—Weathercocks, (double entente.)

Foors—First.

Finster, (Ger.)—Dark, dismal.

Foll—To fall.

Foon—Fun.

Freie, (Ger.)—Free.

Freischuetz, (Ger.)—Free shoot, one who shoots with charmed bullets, the name of Karl Maria Von Weber's celebrated opera.

Friederich Rothbart—Frederic Barbarossa, the great emperor of Germany, and one of the German Legendary heroes. He is supposed to sleep in the Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.

Frolic—Fröhlich, merry.

Gambrinus—A mythical King of Brabant, supposed to have been the inventor of beer.

Ganz, (Ger.)—Ganz.

Gast, (Ger.)—Guest.

Ge-bildet—Built, with the German augment.

Geborn—Born, with the augment.

Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu—Dost not do it by any natural means; there is witchcraft in it.

Ge-kostet—Cost, with the German augment.

Ge-roasted—Roasted, with German augment.

Ge-screech, Geschrei—Bawling, clamour.
Gesembled—Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.
Geshmasht—Smashed, with German augment.
Gespicked, (Ger.)—Larded.
Gesundheit, (Ger.)—Health.
Gilt—In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, "*gelt*," implying the meaning of the German verb "*gelten*," to be worth something, and also *guilt*.
Glee-wine, Gluh-wein—Hot spiced wine.
Glueck, (Ger.)—Luck.
Gool—Cool.
Gott-full, gottvoll—Glorious, divine.
Grad, gerad—Straight.
Gros, (Ger.)—Great.
Guestfriendlich, gastfreundlich—Hospitable.
Gummi lasticum—India Rubber.
Hagell Blitz! Kreuz Sakrament! (Ger.)—Another variety of swearing.
Hans Wurst—Merry Andrew; Zani; Jack Pudding—the latter word being a literal translation of the German Hans Wurst; the pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the pretended sausages, which the Merry Andrew always appeared to be swallowing by the yard or fathom. See *Blackley's Word Gossip*.
Himmel, (Ger.)—Heaven.
Hause—House.
Hertsen—Herzen; hearts.
Heller Glorie schein—Bright gloriole.
Hertzhog, Herzog, (Ger.)—Duke.
Hexerei—Witchery, sorcery.
Hobbiness—Happiness.
Hollisch, (Ger.)—Hellish.
Hop-saxee, (Ger.) int.—Hop; heyday!
Joss-stick. A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odoriferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.
Jungfernkranz, (Ger.)—Bridal garland.
Kaiser Karl—Charlemagne.
Kartoffel, (Ger.)—Potato.
Kellner, (Ger.)—Waiter.
Knock dem out de shpots—Knock the spots out of them; astonish.
Komm maidelein! Rothe wangelein, (Ger.)—Come maiden, red cheeks.
Kummel, kimmel, (Ger.)—Schnapps; dram. Hans, in his tipsy enthusiasm, ejaculates, "Oh, mein Gott im *Kimmel!*" instead of "im Himmel" (heaven), becoming guilty of an unconscious alliteration, and confessing, according to the proverb *in vino veritas*, where his God really abides: "whose God is their belly."
Krumm, (Ger.)—Crooked.

Laut—To drub, beat soundly.
Lateinisch—Latin.
Laughen, lachen—Laughing.
Lebenlang, (Ger.)—Life-long.
Liederkranz, (Ger.)—Glee-union.
Liederlich, (Ger.)—Loose, reckless, dissolute.
Maedchen, (Ger.)—Girl, maiden.
Marmorbild—Marble statue.
Maskenzug, (Ger.)—Procession of masked persons.
Mein Freund—My friend.
Minnesinger—Poet of love. A name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.
Mitternacht, Mitternacht—Midnight.
Mitternight, Mitternacht—Midnight.
Morgen-het-sachs—Morning headache.
Murmulie—Murmured.
Nibelungen Lied—The Lay of the Nibelungen; the great German national epos.
Nix cum rausse—That I had not come out.
Nun—Now.
Owzdid, to *on do*—Literal translation of the German anthun; *to don*, to put on.
Onendlich—Unendlich.
Orchester—Orchestra.
Pabst, Der Pabst lebt, &c.—"The Pope he leads a happy life," &c. beginning of a popular German song.
Pelznickel, Klaes, Nickel—St Nicolas, muffled in fur, is one of the few riders in the army of the saints, but, unlike St George and St Martin, he often bestrides a donkey than a horse, more especially in that part of the German land which can boast of having given birth to the illustrious Hans. St Nicolas is supposed, on the night preceding his name-day, the sixth of December, to pass over the house-tops on his long-eared steed, and having baskets suspended on either side filled with sweets and playthings, and to drop down through the chimneys presents for those children who have been good during the year, but birch-rods for those who have been naughty, would not go to bed early, or objected to being washed, &c. In the expectation of his coming, the children put, on the eve of St Nicolas day, either a shoe, or a stocking, or a little basket, into the chimney-piece of their parents' bedroom. We may remark, by the way, that St Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikuhr, of ancient Germah mythology.
Pfeil, (Ger.)—Arrow.
Philosopede—Velocipede.
Potzblitz, (Ger.)—int., The deuce.
Potztausend! Was ist das?—Zounds! What is that?
Penderie—Poultry.

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